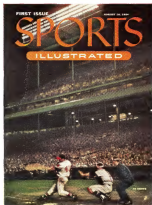


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 20, 1956

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SECOND ANNIVERSARY

A
SPECIAL ISSUE
DEDICATED TO
THE AMERICAN
SPORTS PUBLIC

- ★ 23 PAGES OF SPECIAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS
- ★ JAMES MURRAY SPEAKS UP FOR SPECTATORS
- ★ GERALD HOLLAND LOOKS INTO THE FUTURE
- ★ J. P. MARQUAND RETURNS WITH OLD NED
- ★ A NEW PRIZEFIGHTER COMES FROM THE MOON



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10 YEARS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
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COVER: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S FIRST Photograph by Merit Knauffman

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With this, our second anniversary issue, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED shows a new face. The lettering on our cover, we feel, gives our photographic mission—and achievement—the credit it deserves. The articles which follow underline the range of our activities—among others, a projection far into the future and the story of a horse from the moon. Frankly, we feel proud and happy on our birthday. And the Braves, who graced our first cover? Well, as of now they're on top too—and who knows?

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HOTBOX



The Question:

What sport attracts the most unsportsmanlike fans?

DICK CHEWNING



Whittier, Calif.
Coopway
vice-president

If horse racing is regarded as a sport, and I assume it is, that's it. Why? Because there's no sportsmanship in the pastime. The spectators are there just to bet, as they would on a roulette wheel. I know one exception, my father, a real sportsman of the old horse racing set.

ED MOSLER



Hemlock, Ohio
President, Mosler
Safe Co.

Professional wrestling. These you see a real hunt for blood and mayhem. Fans in the team sports have some reason to be partisan in favor of their teams, but the pro wrestling fans are particularly bad because they know the winners are pre-arranged and the bouts are not for real.

GENERAL VINCENT J. MELBY



Tampa, Fla.
President, Wings Club

Baseball, because of the great crowds. Every crowd has its percentage of unsportsmanlike fans. Venues at games must sell soft drinks in paper cups so fans won't have bottles and cans in the way of the players. As rough as hockey is, you don't get anything like that. That is, hardly ever.

QUINTIN REYNOLDS



Bellfield Hills, N.Y.
Author

Baseball. Look how the Boston fans have mobbed Ted Williams, as great a player as ever lived. Jackie Robinson has gotten miles of pop bottles in St. Louis, in spite of Stan Musial's obvious friendship for him. However, you will also find the laziest fans in baseball.

EVERETT BARNES



Calgary University
Director of athletics

Basketball. College and pro fans too officious and the opposing players alike. The breakneck speed and the smaller confines of basketball arenas are partly responsible. Unlike most sports, the spectators form a "captive audience" which tries to do everything to help its team.

JAMES A. RHODES



Columbus, Auditor
State of Ohio

Bullfighting. There the spectator goes to see the show, no matter how painful and very real death of the bull. His lust is for only one thing—the gory, bloody kill that must satisfy his wish, not once, but a half dozen times. Of course, it requires skill and bravery, but it is an uneven contest.

IRVING B. ROSENHAUS



S. Orange, N.J.
President
WATV and WAAZ

All sports attract their share. It depends on the standard under which you play. In baseball "kill the umpire" and other "kicker" are part of the game which the fans like. Tennis has a different standard, but I can't say that tennis addicts are more sportsmanlike than baseball fans.

BOB HARDY



Lakewood, N.J.
Airport operations
manager

Pro hockey. It's the fastest and roughest game of all. The hard play and occasional fights between players keep a hockey audience on edge and in a belligerent mood. Can't forget that egg and vegetable barrage the Montreal fans gave the league president for disqualifying Richard the Rocket.

HOWARD M. MCCULLOUGH



Vice-president
Brunswick Bells
Collector Co.

Baseball. Conversely, the sport that attracts the most sportsmanlike fans is bowling. I've seen a match involving thousands of dollars, where one of the players made eight strikes in a row. His opponents rooted for a perfect game even though it would cost them the championship.

HOWARD W. COSELL

*New York
ABC sports
commentator*



Baseball. Only in baseball would the fans boo a Mickey Vautier who is an all-time great at 24 and an Al Rosen while he lies writhing in pain on the ground. Only in baseball are beer cans and bottles thrown at players with the object of injuring them. I remember when Sam Naeff had his eyesight impaired by an exploding firecracker. The fans undermine a player's performance with the threat of physical injury. It's a heartless way of destroying his livelihood by psychologically destroying him.

SIR PERCY SPENDER

*Australian
Ambassador
to the U.S.*



All sports attract percentages of people who are not sportsmen. You wouldn't call it sportsmanlike to burn down the stadium after a soccer match. It's happened. And it's not in the interest of soccer to kill the referee or blow up the city. Amateur sports are less guilty.

NORMAN A. FLETCHER

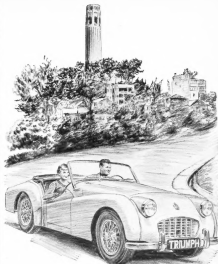
*Natchitoches, La.
Greer
radio station KNOC*



We have a detached viewpoint in Natchitoches, the oldest town in the Louisiana Purchase. We feel that where gambling is the primary urge, unsportsmanlike fans will gather. At a prize fight a man with a \$25 bet will yell: "Kill the bum!" and mean it. He's a gambler, not a sport.

NEXT WEEK:

Was there a time in the
service when athletic training
was of great value to you?



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

SOME people travel for the fun of traveling and some to reach the place they have to get to. Some travel because they enjoy what they find when they get there.

The staff of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** travels for all three reasons. It would be a hard life for a writer or reporter on **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** who plain disliked travel—because it almost goes without saying that whoever sports are he must sooner or later be. (And this, as far as we can tell, is true too of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers.)

I started this with the thought that, in the two years which we celebrate with this Anniversary issue, our staff has become as widely traveled a group as one would want to pick out of a hat. They have been to five continents, seven seas and stopped at a few way stations—moved by almost every conveyance known to man, including such conventional carriers as planes, trains and ships, and others less familiar, like camels and donkeys, tongs, rickshaws, pedicabs and a balloon.

One of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s most recently returned travelers is Gerald Holland. He took a trip of about 2,600 miles, starting from Manhattan (where he lives) to Annapolis on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. Then he went to Martha's Vineyard, on to Cuttyhunk (the smallest of the Elizabeth Islands off Massachusetts), to Cape Cod, to Freeport and Bar Harbor, Me., to Ithaca, N.Y., New Haven, Conn., New Brunswick, N.J. and then to Montauk, Long Island. Holland traveled by essentially ordinary means, although it was out of the ordinary when a Martha's Vineyard—and very Yankee—storekeeper accepted him as a

hitchhiker on the strictly business voyage he now and then makes to replenish his store on Cuttyhunk.

From the itinerary it might be hard to tell what Holland was up to. It may help to know that for some years he had been a partly practicing and completely frustrated striped bass fisherman; he was pursuing the striped bass in its haunts

and through the minds of the scholars who have studied this strangely elusive fish.

Those who seek stripers are in a class by themselves and track their quarry with the singleness of purpose Captain Ahab spent on Moby Dick. In next week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Gerald Holland, with his own singleness of purpose, begins his two-part story: *The Striped Bass: An Investigation*.

It is a story about a certain type of fisherman, but for all men; a story with its own comic pathos, a tale of frustration and—It has a surprising and yet heartening end. Even if it took 2,600 miles to reach, Holland would be the first to say it was worth every inch of the way.



Harry Pillsbury

To the Participants:

A DEDICATION

WHEN AMERICA'S new national sports weekly appeared for the first time, just two years ago this week, it could not conceal its excitement at all that was going on in the world into which it was born. It proclaimed this world to be a wonderful one and its times to be a new golden age. Anyone who has followed the week to week history of sports, as it has been written and pictured in these pages, knows that these have indeed been years of superlative performance by the great professionals and the skilled amateurs of sport. But the thought we had in mind as we prepared this issue was not of them.

A LOT CAN BE learned in two years' time and, as sports historians surveying the scene from a wholly new vantage point, the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED confess that they have been educated. So, speaking with new sophistication, they beg leave to amend their first proclamation; they were guilty, not of extravagance with which some may have charged them, but of understatement. They wish now to confide: the world of sports is more wonderful than they knew, the age more golden than they dreamed.

THEIR THOUGHT in this issue is of the vast sports public which, in this day, comprises those people who not only enjoy the great sporting spectacles but themselves take part—singly, in pairs

and even as family units—in the sports that offer not medals and headlines, but a real and satisfying identification with something wholesome, happy and usually (barring a bad lie, a flat calm or some similar frustration) optimistic.

YOU WILL MEET some of these participants in the color photographs beginning on page 45. They represent the great public we have in mind and their image lies behind these lines. Arrayed as they are, and shown against the background of their special and pleasant world of sport, they are not quickly identifiable as the same people who are raising the families, crowding the universities, producing the goods and services of an unprecedented prosperity. But in different attire and in different surroundings they are the very same.

AND THE MOST important fact of all about them is that they, the beneficiaries of this unprecedented prosperity as well as the producers of it, have been educating themselves—and the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—are exploring the new and wonderful horizons which opened up to us only two short years ago. It is to these active and optimistic and confident people that this second anniversary issue of America's new national sports weekly is respectfully and admiringly and affectionately dedicated. We hope we can continue to keep up with them.

SIDNEY L. JAMES
Managing Editor



ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE SPARTAKIADA, THE RUSSIAN FESTIVAL OF SPORT, A GROUP OF 10,000 IN THE BIG, NEW LENIN STADIUM CHEER

RED FANS AND FAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LISA LARSEN AND JAMES WHITMORE

HOWEVER the spectacle would begin, from all over Moscow the people had come by bus and trolley, in taxi and on foot, to the great new, orange-tiled Lenin Stadium beside the Moskova River. Most of the 100,000 filing into the stands were coarsely

dressed—a vast and joyful bleacher crowd carrying or wearing coats against the unreasonable temperature and the threat of the gray skies. There was an occasional burst of smart color in the clothes of some ladies, and many men wore the fresh-pressed pants and

jacket that in Moscow generally distinguish the "employees" (white-collar workers) from the "workers." On the way to their seats some stopped to buy hot dogs (which by Yankee Stadium standards were terrible indeed) and to buy cheap colored pop. On a big



EQUALITY FOR TOP OLYMPIC PROSPECTS AND FOR MASS DEMONSTRATIONS BY SMALL SCHOOL CHILDREN AND COMELY TEEN-AGE GIRLS

LADIES

For 12 days the Iron Curtain was pulled back while 10,000 Russian men and women showed their mass progress in 20 sports and tested their strength for the 1956 Olympic Games

sporting day the Russian stomach, like any other, is as indestructible as a dye vat. Some jerked over their precious rubles for good currant cakes, ice cream, caviar and beer. On the paths to the gates, hawkers, barking with capitalistic fervor, offered programs,

bouquets of victory flowers and medallions stamped with peace doves and pictures of Lenin.

Most of the crowd were Muscovites, but through the stands there was a scattering of turned farmers. There were some with the dark Magyar and

Mongolian features of the outlying republics, come perhaps thousands of miles to revel in the spectacle of the Spartakiada, the Russian festival of progress and power by 10,000 athletes in 20 sports. This Spartakiada

continued on next page

RED FANS AND LADIES

continued from page 8

(pronounced *Spar-da-Kyo-da* and so called in honor of a slave who revolted against the Romans) was the first since the war to which athletes have rallied from all the Soviet republics. From the outset it promised to be the world's greatest sports show, held with a dual purpose: to celebrate the Russian boom in sports of all kinds and to test the best of the Russians for the coming Olympic Games. Through 12 days of pageantry and competition in the vast main stadium and lesser venues, spectators would have a chance to see whether their best athletes were as good as ever in traditional Russian sports, and to see how good their best now were in the sports Russia has borrowed from the Western world.

While loudspeakers poured an odd mixture of music into the stadium—*Two for Two*, songs by the Red Army Chorus and St. Louis Blues, sung by Paul Robeson—a small fleet of black limousines swept through the gates and disgorged Premier Nikolai Bulganin, Communist Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev and a coterie of lesser leaders. The music blared on until interrupted by a reminder that the Communist Party had made this whole new stadium possible. The Red flag was run up and doves of peace fluttered skyward. The crowd cheered local heroes bearing banners of their home republics in parade behind a portrait of Lenin. Then through a full afternoon the crowd was charmed by the mass dancing of schoolchildren and captivated in a very bourgeois way by the dancing



PARTY CHIEF KHRUSHCHEV, PREMIER BULGANIN AND MALINOV (L TO R) ATTEND OPENING DAY

of leggy teen-age girls. These were followed by the incredibly precise acrobatics of 1,600 gymnasts and by the equally precise free exercises of 2,300 trade union athletes.

Sandwiched between these spectacles was the first test of a top-notch Russian bound for the Olympic Games. With the gun crack starting the 10,000-meter run, 30-year-old Vladimir Kuts, the stocky sailor from the Ukraine, was out and away from the field. The crowd became apathetic—the outcome of a foregone conclusion—until the loudspeaker blared out, "Now Kuts has beaten his own previous performance . . . now he is running faster than ever before." Kuts finished in 28 minutes 57.8 seconds, beating his own

Soviet mark but 15 seconds shy of the world record set by the Hungarian Rander Iharea. Kuts's performance epitomized most of the subsequent performances by male trackmen: good, but not good enough for an Olympic gold medal. There were some exceptions. Leonid Scherbakov, runner-up at Helsinki four years ago, kicked and wriggled out 53 feet 11 inches in the hop, step and jump, proof enough that he has chance for an Olympic victory. The best of the Russian 400-meter hurdles, Yuri Lituyev, was ailing; the others, who led the world until Glenn Davis and Eddie Southern blazed through the U.S. trials, showed no improvement. Winning the hammer at 207 feet 8½ inches, Mikhail Krivonozov still holds an edge

A COMPARISON OF RUSSIAN AND U.S. OLYMPIC TRIALS

EVENT	U.S.S.R. TRIALS*	OLYMPIC RECORD	U.S.A. TRIALS
100 meters	18.8 Boris Tokayev	18.2	18.3 Bobby Morrow
200 meters	21.2 Andalan Ignatyev	20.7	20.6 Bobby Morrow
500 meters	1:50.3 Vladimir Tishbulayuk	1:49.2	1:48.4 Tom Courtney
10,000 meters	28:57.8 Vladimir Kuts	29.17	28:52 Max Traut
400-m. hurdles	51.2 Igor Ilyin	50.8	49.5 Glenn Davis
Pole vault	14 ft. 4 in. Viktor Chernobay	14 ft. 11½ in.	15 ft. 1 in. Bob Richards
Hop, step & jump	52 ft. 11 in. Leonid Scherbakov	53 ft. 2½ in.	51 ft. 4½ in. Ira Davis
Discus throw	172 ft. 3¼ in. Ota Grigalka	180 ft. 9½ in.	187 ft. 8½ in. Farnese Cordes
High jump	6 ft. 6½ in. Vladimir Polyakov	6 ft. 8½ in.	7 ft. 5½ in. Charles Dornst
Broad jump	24 ft. 6 in. Oleg Fyodorov	26 ft. 8½ in.	25 ft. 8½ in. G. Bell, J. Bennett
Hammer throw	207 ft. 8½ in. Mikhail Krivonozov	197 ft. 11½ in.	197 ft. 7½ in. Albert Hall
Javelin throw	257 ft. Viktor Tishbulayuk	242 ft. 4 in.	244 ft. 11 in. Cy Young

* For events through Monday, August 13

over the rest of Europe and the U.S.

The Russian women, for four years the wonders of track and field, broke no Olympic event records, but this was scarcely a disappointment. Their times were still beyond the reach of most of the others in the world.

After the gala Opening Day of the 12-day Spartakiada, the attendees in the big stadium dropped off. The average Muscovite went back to work. Through the week the more avid spectators hunted out the competitions in lesser sports going on around town. In the new Lushniki basketball court, hard by the big stadium, there was something new to be seen. At Helsinki the short Russian basketball men had made a stout, ball-freezing attempt to beat the U.S. Now here on the Lushniki court the game of "Tallboy" (see page 54) was making its debut. Among the determined short men was a Russian tallboy, Vasily Akhtayev. Seven feet 4½ inches tall and 404 pounds heavy, Akhtayev displayed a consummate skill for standing under the basket and dropping the ball in. Elsewhere on the court he has the poise of Primo Carnera and a somewhat fearful habit of huddling into everybody. "He is very dangerous," Coach Sergei Bosonov announced, his tongue sliding slightly into his cheek.

In the other sports—minor sports we would call them here in the U.S.—the outlook ran from dark to bright. At the Stadium of Young Pioneers, there were the gymnastics, a sport at which Russia has long since passed the pioneering stage, and through giant swings, dismounts and arm stands, the top performers moved almost fearlessly from start to dismount. Any one of them at a fast glance seemed good enough to maintain the supremacy Russia established at Helsinki.

At the Dynamo Water Station a Munkovite eight-oar crew of veterans (average 29 years) beat Leningrad, using a stroke that seems longer and more efficient than that of the Russian boat that pressed our Navy crew in 1962. The best single sculler of the Soviets—Master of Sport Yuriy Tshukalov—looking his best, was beaten by an 18-year-old upstart, Vyacheslav Ivanov. In the light of these performances, Russia might get two of the three places in Melbourne. An hour after being upset in the singles, Tshukalov, pairing with Alexei Barkutov, beat the Russian pair who won the Herley doubles sculls last year, doing a fast six minutes and 47 seconds over near perfect water—a time which ordinarily is good enough

for a first in international competition.

Among the boxers competing in the old Dynamo Stadium and among the wrestlers and weight lifters at Moscow University, most of the sure bets came through. In boxing and wrestling, where no man can be measured except against his opposition, the Russians can only venture a guess that they will be at least as strong as 1962, when they won four and 16 medals respectively. Their weight-lifting strength can be measured. Russians in the lighter weights broke four world records, and seem well fixed to divide the weight-lifting honors with the U.S.

The party newspaper *Pravda*, in addition to its other duties, has lately been giving a good bit of advice to the Russian world of sport, jabbing a particularly sharp pen into the backside of Russian swimming, which actually has come along as well as one should expect. Swimming Coach Vladimir Gubanov has a simple enough answer to satisfy anyone: inside Russia there are too few pools, and on the outside there are too many Americans, Japanese, Hungarians and Australians.

In track and field, where the over-

all performances of the Russian men were mildly disappointing, Coach Gabriel Korobkov offers no excuses. For Russia he sees perhaps two gold medals and for the U.S. a fairly solid victory. "I don't not see," Korobkov announced, as the Spartakiada went into its final days this week, "how the Americans can fail to win at least 12 gold medals. They'll probably win 14 in the 24 men's events. We expect such things from Americans."

The thousands competing in 20 sports at the big Spartakiada were the cream skimmed from hundreds of district and regional competitions entered by 17 million Russians during the past year. Considering that this vast depth of raw material may not yet produce more than a few gold medals in some sports, a Russian coach might feel the need of an excuse, but he should not. To judge by the vigor and enthusiasm of the top-notch athletes striving for the team and the youngsters coveting an *onasse* at the Spartakiada, the effort seems worthwhile even if no one wins at Melbourne.

For pictures of Russia's athletic youngsters, turn page

HOPEFUL GIANT. 7-foot 6½-inch Vasily Akhtayev, gave up volleyball for basketball to help Olympic team whose short men placed second to tall boys of the U.S. in 1962.







Teen-age boy-girl teams form fascinating human patterns of youthful grace as they go through mass callisthenics to such un-Russian tunes as 'Tea for Two' in Opening Day ceremonies. The boys opposite have just dropped hoops over the girls' heads. Pairs of slender six-year-olds (above) join their hoop-skirted older sisters in native dances



FAIR LADIES, smiling samples of the health that Russia has sought through mass sports programs, leave the stadium after

performing. While the top athletes came from all 15 of the Soviet republics, most teen-age demonstrators were from Moscow.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

HONORACE BREELEY WAS SO RIGHT • THE END OF THE FEUD •

WASHINGTON'S ELYSIAN OUTFIELDS • ALMOST MAN'S LAST

FORTRESS • SAD TALE OF CASEY AND THE FRAMMIE PITCH

WESTERN APPROACH

ONE LADY guitar player from Mexico, a trickle of fans and possibly some of the players' close relatives watched the U.S. Davis Cup team beat Mexico at Rye, N.Y., a couple of weeks ago. A 400-seat temporary grandstand at the Westchester Country Club was more than ample for this little knot of customers. Considering that it was the finale of the American Zone eliminations, this was a pretty paltry turnout for one of the world's largest metropolitan areas, even allowing that the tennis was not quite top-grade.

Maybe the fathers of the strid U.S. Lawn Tennis Association should take a look at major league baseball. When interest died out in the old, empty ball parks of the East, the majors started moving into unjaded western cities and found a whole new batch of wildly enthusiastic supporters.

In southern California for several decades and, more recently, in Texas, tennis interest has been high. In Dallas, for instance, 3,000 fans watched four days of tennis in the Dallas Country Club Invitational tournament; Houston has pulled in over 5,000 at its River Oaks tournament. It seems to be time for the USLTA to examine these figures and start playing some of its big events—not only the Davis Cup but also the Nationals—somewhere west or south of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. After all, golf has been doing just that for years with happy results, and the old argument about staging these matches on grass is as outlived as “twenty-three skidoo.”

The prospect of an American Zone Davis Cup final—to say nothing of a national championship—would no

doubt bulge the seams of a man-sized stadium in Houston, Dallas or Los Angeles. With lady guitar players there is no telling where the enthusiasm might soar. So, why not?

3032 A POUND

FURST BASEMAN Steve Bilko of the Los Angeles Angels and Sergeant Ernie Bilko, USA (TV), have little in common aside from the fact that both are brand-new celebrities. Sergeant Bilko is played by a fevich comic named Phil Silvers. First Baseman Bilko is played by a lethargic 27-year-old named Steve Thomas Bilko.

The 248-pound Steve, now in his second year with the Angels, is batting .376, threatening the Pacific Coast League record of 60 home runs in a season, and has just had the glumorous

price tag of \$200,000 pinned on him by Angel President John Holland. That rates as a new high for minor league beef on the spike, amounting, as it does, to \$833 a pound. To those who remember Steve's three futile attempts to stick with the majors (twice with the Cardinals and once with the Cubs) all this may come as quite a surprise.

But this is a new Steve—more relaxed, more obese and completely resigned to the fickleness of fate. “When I hit ‘em I hit ‘em,” he grunts, “and when I miss ‘em I miss ‘em. I usually strike out a hundred times a year and this year should be no exception.” He credits the Angels' heavy schedule of daytime games with part of his success, explaining: “I think the ball goes farther in daylight.” The proof: as of last Sunday he had already driven 47

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Water Tickets

New Jersey took note of the ever-increasing small boat traffic problem (ST, July 28), stationed a uniformed inspector of the State Department of Navigation at crowded Lake Hopatcong to ticket reckless speedsters. Result: Jersey Navigation Court fined 39 persons for boating violations.

• The Brothers

T. Roland Harrison, honorary chairman of the U.S. Trotting Association, president of the Hambletonian Society and older brother of New York's Governor Ave, fired a salvo in the battle between the USTA and N.Y. Harness Commissioners George Menaghas, awarded the Hambletonian to Du Quoin, Ill., beginning next year or 1958. Reason: “Unsatisfactory conditions . . . in New York.”

• Test Case

Middleweight Champ Ray Robinson says he has broken with Jim Norris and the IBC and will defend title against Gene Fullmer in Los Angeles or San Francisco Sept. 24 or 25 under other promotion. Robinson, under exclusive contract to Norris for title fights, says agreement “wouldn't stand up in court.”

• Half a Loaf

PCC presidents last week halved penalties imposed earlier on seniors at UCLA and USC by retaining their gold eligibility for five consecutive games this year. Juniors and sophs are still ineligible for a year; players who took illegal loans may return to grace by repaying them before September 1.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

heroes out of Coast League parks with 37 games still to play. They were still whooping it up in the ball park the other day after the game in which Bilko hit Homer No. 46. Then somebody noticed that the hero of the hour was no longer around. The mighty muscle man had rushed home, having volunteered to baby-sit his three children while Mrs. Bilko had a night out.

With the irrepressible Silvers bouncing across the nation's TV screens every



week, it was inevitable that Steve Bilko would acquire the nickname Sarge. There are a great many Angel fans who will tell you that before the current season is finished they'll be calling that TV character Steve.

THE EATONS AND MCCOYS

THE CYNIC's chronic snore was levied at Governor Goodwin J. Knight a year ago when he created a committee to investigate boxing's dirty business in California. Nothing would come of it, the cynics said, because Cal (Alvah) Eaton's son was married to the governor's daughter, and Cal (Alvah) Eaton had long thrown his promotional weight around southern California. For years the boxing commission had been browbeaten by Eaton's match-maker sidekick, Babe (Harry Rudolph) McCoy, a corpulent costume stolen-car fence and dinner companion of Frankie Carbo (SI, June 11).

Now the committee's report is in, and it gives no nourishment to cynics, no soap to nepotism. There is a new boxing commission in California and the early liquidation of Eaton, McCoy and a slimy slew of associates seems at hand. The governor's committee found that boxing in California was a mess of fixed fights, cheated boxers, indiscriminate licensing of criminals, hoodlum influence, poor and sometimes criminally dishonest officiating, and monopoly.

McCoy's name sailed page after page. "All of us who worked on this project," the committee said, "have had experience in law enforcement and in the course of such employment have known criminals. McCoy is as vicious as any of us have encountered." And Eaton, the report continued, "has

been fully aware of and has approved of McCoy's methods of operation."

There was evidence, according to the report, that Eaton "bet large sums of money on the 'sure things' at the Olympic Auditorium," and that he had dealt directly with Frankie Carbo, paying him \$10,000 for the services of then lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter, supposedly managed by Willie (The Undertaker) Ketchum.

Eaton, once so quick to defy honest boxing officials, was equally quick to deny that he had ever bet on "any sport" or had done business with underworld characters. And, from long and profitable habit, he was quick to refer to his association "with Governor Knight himself." He hired Hollywood's favorite mouthpiece, Jerry Gleason, who was a boxing commission chairman himself once, to file a \$300,000 suit against James E. Cox, special counsel for the governor's committee and the man most responsible for the success of the governor's crusade to make boxing decent.

As for Cox, he had established that he was not interested in mere legislation. He had a fine chance, for instance, to skewer Sid Flaherty, the northern California overlord who openly functioned as both promoter and manager, though this duality is expressly unlawful. He could have called for revocation of Flaherty's license, as he had done for Eaton and McCoy. But Flaherty told the simple, direct truth under oath, admitted his illegalities and was, furthermore, disclosed as a manager who treated his fighters with fairness and solidarity. The committee recommended only that Flaherty be fined substantially and make up his mind as to whether he was a promoter or manager.

The success of Cox is, of course, a success only up to the moment, but the future of boxing in California is much brighter. Governor Knight has appointed a whole new boxing commission and has given it a highly competent executive secretary, David L. Luce, who previously had charge of criminal investigation as a section chief in the Department of Justice. Luce is described as a dogged man and not likely to be hindered by cynical evaluations of what can and cannot be done to political relatives.

GRIFFITH GARDENS

A QUOTE SEEN garden, hard by a wide sweep of pleasantly green turf, opened in Washington last week. The management charges a modest cover, but provides a two-hour-plus floor

show. The garden occupies Griffith Stadium's new lower left-field bleachers, installed this year to shorten the outfield and thus encourage more home runs. But when the lackluster Senators failed to attract customers enough for these new seats, the management jettisoned a 55-year ban on beer at the park, leaving Pittsburgh and Philadelphia as the only dry stadiums.

Since District of Columbia law requires drinkers to be seated and to put the mug on a table when not drinking, the Senators installed tables in front of the seats. Anyone seeking a peaceful environment for a spot of refreshment will find Washington's new beer garden ideal, even though the entertainment frequently lacks foam.

TALE OF A WAYSIDE INN

THE LONELY wayside inn—particularly one with a corpse in a closet—is one of the hoariest of fictional devices, and it is a stubborn author who has not marooned a set of antagonistic characters in one and let them rub nerve-ends and hate breaths for at least a chapter or so. It is doubtful, however, that literature has ever provided a setting quite as cramped as the six-room (one bath) Fairview Inn at Talkeetna (pop. 85), Alaska, or a ghost quite as lively as that of the late explorer, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, or an atmosphere as intimately charged as that which prevailed last month when Cook's most fervent modern defenders and detractors found themselves—to their mutual dismay—eating three meals a day together around Fairview's single dining room table.

Cook died in 1940, twice damned as one of the most flamboyant frauds in history for claiming to have been the first to climb Mount McKinley back in 1906 and also to have beaten Admiral Robert Peary to the North Pole in 1908. He eventually managed to get himself a federal prison rap in the 1920s for questionable promotion of Texas "oil" lands, but this year his daughter—a plump, middle-aged Buffalo housewife, Mrs. Helen Cook Vetter—decided to rescue his reputation as a mountaineer. It seemed like an awful task. Cook was drummed out of the Explorers Club 47 years ago for his Mount McKinley tale and most climbers agree that it is completely implausible. Yet Mrs. Vetter found an unexpected ally—a big, rawboned mining geologist from the state of Washington named Walter L. (Moose) Gonsanen.

The Moose, who had climbed Mount

McKinley in 1948, was stubbornly convinced that Cook had made the top and offered to lead a party of three others up the doctor's purported route to prove it. Mrs. Vetter staked him to \$1,500. This was too much for famed Mountaineer Bradford Washburn, who is director of Boston's Museum of Science and acknowledged as the world's leading authority on Mount McKinley. As Gonnason set out to attack the heights, Washburn—who was also planning a trip to the great (29,270 feet) mountain—announced with some heat that he would devote part of his time to proving once and for all that Cook's photograph of the peak was a fraud, and that other landmarks described in his book, *To the Top of the Continent*, were miles away from the mountain and 10,000 feet lower than he had claimed.

Thus resolved, Washburn duly arrived with two companions at the Fairview Inn. It took him only seconds to

discover that Mrs. Vetter was already there, attended by a press agent, and proudly awaiting Moose Gonnason's return. Talkretna is the gateway to the mountain chiefly because a dier named Dan Sheldon bases there for fights to Ruth Glacier so Washburn & Co. had nowhere else to go. The two groups settled down, cheek by jowl, in an atmosphere of horrible cordiality. It did not last.

"How many black balls do you need after all these years to keep this man down?" the press agent cried angrily to Washburn one day on the road outside the inn. "Why are you going out of your way after all these years to continue to stick knives in Cook?"

"My ulterior motive," said Washburn, standing chin to chin with his adversary, "is to find out the truth and my only real regret about this thing is what you guys are doing to that poor lady over there in the inn. You're taking her for a ride!"

The situation grew even steamier when Moose Gonnason was flown down from the mountain to announce that his party had failed by 10,000 feet to reach the top. At this point the weather closed in, marooning Gonnason, Washburn & party at the inn. The Moose was not a man to take Washburn's criticism lying down.

"Hell," he bawled, "the man was there. Why should there be an argument? There's no argument. I base it on the summit picture."

"Mount McKinley's summit," rapped Washburn in his dipped Bostonian accent, "is covered constantly with 40 or 50 feet of snow. That peak [in Cook's picture] is solid granite with maybe two or three inches of snow, and I'll bet \$10,000 that any competent geologist will back me up on that."

Said Geologist Gonnason: "I say that's shadowed, packed snow."

"Rubbish," snorted Washburn.

"I think I can make it with a stronger party," Gonnason persisted. "After that I intend to try for the North Pole."

The weather finally broke. The antagonists bade each other relieved and civilized farewells. But it was hard not to imagine the shade of the doctor—a man who always enjoyed the danger of public attention—standing by in disappointment as the party came to an end.

TOO LATE TO SAVE

LADY WRESTLING, whose place in the world of sport has always been questionable, were finally banned from the state of Oregon last week. After years of legal ping-pong the state supreme court upheld a law forbidding public wrestling matches between women, and Justice Walter L. Toose explained why in words loaded with male frustration:

"It seems to us that [the statute] intended that there should be at least one island on the sea of life reserved for men that would be impregnable to the assault of women. . . . In the field of sports she has taken up—among other games—baseball, basketball, golf, etc., in all of which she has become more or less proficient and in some has excelled. In the business and industrial fields, as an employee or as an executive, in the professions, in politics, as well as in almost every other line of endeavor, she has matched her wits and prowess with those of mere man and, we are frank to concede, in

continued on next page



"Oh, good morning, George. How's the water?"

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many instances has outdone him. In those circumstances is it any wonder that the legislative assembly took advantage of the police power of the state in its decision to halt this ever-increasing feminine encroachment upon what for ages had been considered strictly manly arts and privileges? Was the



art an unjust and unconstitutional discrimination against women? Under the circumstances, we think not."

Justice Toome's sentiments are pardonably masculine, but they came a little too late to save male professional wrestling from the feminine influence. It seems that nowadays an exhibitionist can scarcely make a living in the racket without a permanent wave, blonded hair, French perfume, a flowing sash kimono and a set of gestures more appropriate in miñado's boudoir than the prize ring.

CASING ADDER SET

AMONG the discoveries of this magazine in its first issue two years ago was a story about Little Red Riding Hood, written in a tortured vocabulary favored by Professor Howard Chase of Oxford, Ohio. This week a collection of Professor Chase's versions of classic tales is being published by Prestige-Hall Inc. under the title *Anguish Language*. In celebration of this event and its own second birthday, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Asquith offers Professor Chase's translation of a baseball epic. For full enjoyment, it must, of course, be read aloud.

Hermy horsch boil starry a boarder horsch boil gam plate lung, lung a gore inner ladle was hearse torn coiled Mutt-fill.

Mutt-fill worsen mush offer torn, butted hatter putty gut horsch boil tame, an offer plics honor tame door moist celebrated worse Casing. Casing worsted sickened basement, any hatter betting orphanage off .526 (pant file toe sex).

Casing worse gut larking, an furry poplar—spatially wetter gull coiled Any-belly. Any-belly worse Casing's sweat hard, any harpy cobble wandered toe gut merik, bought Casing worse toe pure toe becalm Any-belly's horsebarn. (Boil pliers honor Mutt-

fill tame dint gut mush offer celery; infect, day gut nading stall.)

Bought less gut vana wetter starry. Wan dare, inner Mutt-fill horsch boil pork, door near stud lock diak inner lost in ink:

MUTT-FILL 2
UDDER TAME 4

Water disengaging saturation! Other Mutt-fill rotora, setting inner grin-stench, war falling furry darn inner mouse.

Bought watcher thank hopping! Soddily wan offer Mutt-fill pliers hitler shingle, an an adder piler gutter gnats toe beggar! Soda war ptomaine earn basis. Bust off oil, Casing ham shell, Mutt-fill's celebrated better, worse combing ope toe bet!

Whiny kraut inner grin-stench sore Casing combing, day stuttered toe clabber hess an yowl, "Dare's Casing! Attar here, Casing!" An whiny kanson sickened basement sundered confidentially ope tutor plat, oler Mutt-fill rotors shorted: "Casing roar! Casing roar! Rear, rear, Casing!"

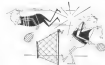
Putty ladle Any-belly, setting oil buyer shelf inner grin-stench, worse furry peed offer gut larking loafer. Lark offer udder pimple, Any-belly worse share debt Casing worse gamer winner boil gam fur Mutt-fill.

Casing weaved tutor kraut an ostar sweat glands add Any-belly, dar retched darn tutor grunt an robbed dart honors hess, an warped hess hess honors penes.

"Ply bell!" shorted door empire, gadding impassioned.

Casing pecked upper bet an locked adder patcher, any set tomb shell: "Latler comb! Arm garner smirk diak bell rat offer defense!"

Zombie! Door boil short pest Cas-



PARTING SHOT

Tennis victor leaped the net,
He wanted to be jolly—
He met his rival's final swing
And found himself a volley.

—GILBERT GOODWIN

ing lacquer carring bell. Casing dist peery tension taret.

"Stork wars!" creater empire.

Door kraut inner grin-stench stuttered shorting an couring.

"Wart inhale's madder wet debt empire's in? Hazy gam stand?"

"Lesson, empire—Java heiter (is exempted! Hatter gutter sander obstetrician?"

"Boor! Boor! B-o-o-o!"

"O water bag bomb!"

Door patcher warn dope akin, any boil short pest Casing lacquer bullock firmer puff.

"Stork tee!" setter empire, lurking unctuously adder kraut.

Oler Mutt-fill lens an rotors war hurling wet anchor. Servile bear bordel an cocker cooler bordel can firmer grin-stench an fall honor grunt, nut fur firmer pore empire's late.

Inner grin-stench, ladle Any-belly, boe dint lacquer seer loafer mucker bag boal offer ham shelf, hay garder wiper ice wetter tawny ladle lazy hanker sniff.

Wants akin, Casing locked adder patcher, diak tame wetter lock off gram razor lotion honors phase.

"Jest locked Casing!" whiskered door kraut. "Diak term, Casing means hess-ness. Badger Casing's garner smirk debt horsch boil rat offer defense!"

Sweak! Casing swank adder bell wet olers larce! Water swank! Wart anomalous larce! Wart gram razor lotion!

Water sham debt Casing dint hitler boil!

"Stark tree—yore art!" whiskered door empire, trangling, an gadding ratty toe dock cocker cooler bordel an bear bordel.

Door kraut worse stunt.

Any-belly worse sopping historically inner tawny ladle lazy hanker sniff.

Wall, yowl! sore debt putty pacer pottery coiled Casing Adder Bel—spatially done lest melen colle versus:

O, pukes war an disk fevered lead

door nervous shaming hant;

Door headen plying pain war, an

pain war herts alite,

An pain war manor luffing, an pain

war children short;

Butter ank war jarring Mutt-fill—

maddy Casing hart stark art!

Bought lesson, forka! Wander noc wart ronly hopping! Wall, done putty versus becalm celebrated—an Casing becalm celebrated, too! Suture bag kraut off pimple kam toe Mutt-fill tee shag hess wetter hansom horsch boil offer debt Casing win enter parlor tricks, an gut retch. An whiny gut retch (con-jure gut), Casing becalm door divorced horsebarn off putty ladle Any-belly.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

DOWN IN A HEAVY CHOP

Through the foam-capped Pacific waters off Long Beach, Calif., Skipper George Walker and Crewman Wendell Walker drive their tiny Snipe to windward during the national championships of this largest of all sailing

classes—over 10,000 throughout the world. Winning skipper was Clark King, husky 26-year-old Stanford University student, who made a spectacular comeback after tuberculosis had kept him out of sailing for 2½ years

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL BATE

'I MADE IT! I MADE IT!'



PAULA JEAN MYERS (right), who qualified in platform diving for the second time, kisses Jeanne Stumpa, 51's cover girl (Aug. 6). Jeanne made 3-meter springboard leaps.

Made what? The U.S. Olympic team, of course! Jubilant, as their years of exhausting work pay off, the very best swimmers in the country greet each other with hugs and handshakes at Detroit's Rouge Park Pool as names of those who will make the plane trip to Melbourne are announced. For an account of the Detroit trials, see page 79.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NE FORDIN



BARBARA SUE GILDERS is required for uniform after placing on 3-meter leap.



PAT McCORMICK (right) embraces Paula Jean Myers after platform final. Pat again finished first in 3- and 10-meter diving trials.



WILLIE FARRELL is next recipient of Paula Myers hug, after he joined Gary Tobian and Dick Conner on platform team.



JEANNE STUNYO, who finished third in springboard final, smiles through feting.

BOB CLOTWORTHY (with towel), still dripping wet after final dive, grips his delight after hearing that he qualified in springboard behind Don Harper and Glen Whitten.



Yawkey Fines Williams \$5000

Williams Calls Fans Ignorant; Only Money Keeps Him in Game

Boston Writer Thinks What Ails Sox Is Ted

By DAN PARKER

By Bill Seward

WHISTON Aug. 8.—(AP) —

play for a team other than the Red Sox. "If it weren't for the money, you

Red Sox. There's no more. Williams is a big boy and he's got to



Why Should Detroit Fans Like Cry Baby Williams?

TED WILLIAMS DEFIES HIS CRITICS

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN a major league ballplayer like Ted Williams. No one has ever, for so long, attracted so much adulation for his prowess while earning so much censure for his personal gestures and attitudes.

Here is a fair sampling of the newspaper rocks which have been hurled at him through the years, the biggest of which came after last week's now famous spitting episode when Ted so clearly expressed his feelings toward his old enemies, both writers and fans, at Boston's Fenway Park:

"One of the finest young hitters to come to the big leagues in a number of years is Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox. You couldn't call him a fresh young man, perhaps not cocky, either, but he wasn't shorthanded at the self-reliance counter."—JOE WILLIAMS, N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM, 10/23/40

"If his handle smells another inch, Master Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox won't be able to get his hat on with a shoeborn. For when it comes to arrogant and arrogant athletes, this one leads the league."—JACK MILEY, N.Y. POST, 8/19/40

"You're not tallen and stout in better poses and holds. Ofen you're looked lazy and careless as fly balls. Occasionally you're started things back at the bleachers. You're taken the attitude, sometimes, that you're bigger than the game."—DUKE LAKE, BOSTON AMERICAN, 5/18/40

"Williams' temperamental outbursts are nothing new. His displays of temperance on other occasions have caused his own followers in Boston to raise him."—LEONARD COHEN, N.Y. POST, 5/13/46

"To get a real line on Williams you have to see his face in the clubhouse after a game which the Red Sox have won and in which he's gone hitless. That tells the story."—JACK ORR, N.Y. COMPASS, 5/5/50

"Williams removed himself from the ranks of decent sportsmen. Yesterday he was a little man, and in his unbecomingly rage, a dirty little man."—BOSTON AMERICAN, MAY 1950

"Anybody who saw him in the holiday double-header would say the Boston fans are justified in anything up to throwing him into the Charles River . . . his one long hit of the day war well belted, but he gave up and settled for a double."—JACK ORR, N.Y. COMPASS, 4/2/50

"Williams is a peculiar case, so laughed in his inner man that even a psychologist or psychiatrist would have trouble unraveling him. He is more hated than liked by those who know him best."—ARTHUR DALEY, N.Y. TIMES, 1/11/52

"It wasn't until he became Williams the \$20,000 and \$100,000 colored ballplayer that he began to indulge himself in such peccadilloes as growling to the second baseman and walking to the bench without taking a taken stride to first base."—JOHN DREISINGER, N.Y. TIMES, 8/9/56

"Williams . . . doesn't command the same dominance over the other players he used to enjoy. . . . Piersall was blind about his criticism of Williams' fielding. 'I ought to get two salaries,' Piersall said. 'I'm covering both fields.'"—SHIRLEY POVICH, WASHINGTON POST, 8/9/56

"It was bush, of course. There is no other way to characterize Williams' most expression of contempt for fans and press."—RED SMITH, N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE, 8/10/56

"By expending him [Frick] would make people aware that old Gamblelegs [Williams], by his actions, is really a bum."—DON WOLFE, TOLEDO BLADE, 8/9/56

"No grown man in full possession of his faculties would make the vile gestures that he made on one occasion."—DAVE EGAN, BOSTON DAILY RECORD, 8/9/56

"Ted Williams should do himself a favor. He should quit baseball before baseball quits on him."—HAROLD KATZ, BOSTON GLOBE, 8/8/56

"Ted Williams, great though he be, must learn that he is not more important than baseball, the Red Sox or the American League."—BILL LEE, HARTFORD COURANT, 8/8/56

**Joe DiMaggio Called Williams a 'Crybaby,'
He Admits, but Only in an 'Offhand Remark'**

30,000 FENS CROWD HAILS TED WILLIAMS

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23—Joe DiMaggio said he thought Ted Williams could have been a triple.

JIMMY CANNON SAYS:

Ted Wants to Be Traded

'Ought to Be Ashamed of the Way War is Going On'

**Ted Williams Leaving Korea,
Feels U. S. Isn't Trying to Win**

**CAN'T STOP TED,
TOO MUCH EGO**

By DAVE EGAN



That is what they have been saying about Ted Williams. What is Ted's unvarnished reaction? JOAN FLANNERY DRISCOLL, whose CONVERSATION PIECE with Williams (Aug. 1, 1955) pleased his many admirers, went back to him last week to get it. Here (only a few adjectives having been censored) is his uncompromising defense:

THEY'RE interviewing psychiatrists now on me. . . . I am the spitting cobra. . . . I never had any trouble in any other town, only Boston. I know that 90% are for me without question,

but they have such an element of writers up there—and I'm not saying all of them, just four or five. They wish they could knock me down to where I was begging for mercy. Well, they'll never see that.

"The big thing is that the writers in any town educate the fans in their reactions pretty much. You can go and write about Andy Gump and praise him for a week, and before you know it the fans will be clapping for him; or you can write nasty things about him and the fans will boo him.

"The fans form their opinion to a great degree on how things are written about a player.

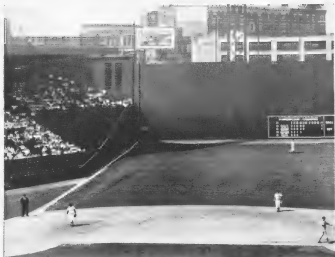
"This is something that's been going on for a long while with these writers. To hear them, you'd think I never got a hit and that I've been a detriment to the team ever since I've been up there, which isn't so.

"Here's the thing I want to bring out. In the first place, 90% of the fans are for me, but the 90% who are for me are not necessarily the type of

continued on next page



"Last year Ted spit one over the 440-foot wall for a record."



SECTION OF FENWAY PARK'S LEFT FIELD STANDS IS NOW ROPED OFF TO KEEP WILLIAMS (TOP RIGHT) AT A SAFE SPITTING DISTANCE FROM FANS

TED DEFIES HIS CRITICS

continued from page 23

fellow who's enthusiastic about his applause. Though he heckles very little, he doesn't cheer much either.

"But there's a 10% up there, the baboon type who's always got his lungs ready to explode. I make a bad play or do something, and right away they start to yell vile names at me and boo all out of proportion, and even though they're only 10% they sound like they were five times as many because they're so much more vigorous than those who applaud.

"When I do something wrong, there's no need of applause. I am not talking about spitting. I am talking about plays, as the baboons really drown out everybody else and they get me plenty mad.

"I do something that irritates nobody in particular, really; something that comes out that you just can't restrain. What's the difference if I spit towards the stand or I don't? I'd like to know what else I could do to display

my disgust for the boos and the guys who are up there writing with such a venomous pen.

"If someone could tell what I could do to show my disgust without spitting or making a vulgar gesture—which I certainly am not going to do—I would be grateful.

"But there are four or five of those writers who are forever hounding, driving, digging. According to them, I haven't had a big hit since I've been up there and never got an important hit, never made anything. The average fan in the country doesn't realize what you got in Boston.

"They're always saying I don't hit in the clutch. They'll cite a lot of games when I don't hit. Well, there are a lot when I do. All they have to do is look at the record; compare the all-time batting averages. After all, the best you can do in your life is hit one in three. I get a hit every three times at bat and I hit a home run every 15 times, and those grand slam homers, those are the ones I really like, but how are you going to get 'em when

they won't always pitch to you? That's why I don't like to get a walk when the bases are loaded.

"I know I'm not right, spitting, but gee, it's the only thing I can think of doing. I don't want to smile at them. I don't want to wave my hat at them. I don't want to give them a fist job. All I can do is let a big beave, take in a lot of air and go phwoy!

"It's the best way I can relieve my tension, to spit at them, and I am only spitting at 10% of them. It's something that happens, and I'll probably do it again.

"When I first came up to Boston [1939] I was a big immature kid—not that I'm not still immature in lots of ways, but then I was enthusiastic about everything.

"That first year I hit more home runs than any left-hander ever hit over the right field fence in Fenway Park, and every time I hit a home run I tipped my hat out to here. Nobody ever tipped their hat the way I did. They all cheered me then. But that winter when I went to Minneapolis to

stay instead of going home to California, they began attacking me in the press.

"I was never very happy at home, and it was the first chance I had to stay away, so I took it.

"The next year they moved the right field fence back, and I didn't hit so many home runs. Then they started to boo me. The minute I wasn't delivering to their satisfaction. Who cared how I felt when I didn't hit? I'm the guy who's trying to do it, who wants to do it. So when I saw how they acted I stopped tipping my hat, and I haven't tipped it since.

"Every chance they got they jumped on me. Even when I came back from Korea, when the mayor proclaimed a 'Ted Williams Day,' a sportswriter wrote, 'What do we want with a Ted Williams Day? What has he done to deserve any recognition?

"Two years ago I was going to quit. I was in the railroad station in Baltimore. A fellow came up to me. 'What's this I read about you wanting to quit?' he told me. 'You can't quit now. There are too many things you can do yet.' And he rattled off a whole list of records for me to shoot for—things I never even had thought of. A couple of days later he sent me a chart with everything figured out. So I changed my mind.

"I've had a reason for everything I've ever done in baseball.

"If I can finish out the season without expediting again at those guys in the press box, I'll consider it the greatest accomplishment of my sports career."

So there is the argument between Ted and his critics. There can also be an argument about how much harm, if any, Williams has done to the game. Post-expeditional curiosity has attracted extra dollars into baseball's coffers. At the Fair Game of the national pastime has been besmirched, that could be readily indeed, but it was apparent that the immediate cash value of the spitting incident to the Red Sox was going to be much greater than the record-equaling \$5,000 fee they are collecting from their great slugger. The next day, for a mid-week game against the sixth-place Baltimore Orioles, the Red Sox played before a near-capacity 24,338, a large majority quite evidently there not to watch baseball but just to see if Ted would spit again. And at week's end, the fanzines began to affect others. During a game at Yankee Stadium the public-address system was only too happy to remind all those present that coming in early this week were the Boston Red Sox—"and Ted Williams." (RWB)

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	W-L	Games	Points	Rank
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Beverly	4-2	107	108-441	2
Chicago	4-3	107	103-441	11
Philadelphia	6-3	107	117-441	4
San Francisco	5-4	106	105-441	5
St. Louis	5-4	106	103-441	6
Pittsburgh	4-4	106	104-441	7
New York	3-6	102	109-441	8
Chicago	3-5	106	104-441	9
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
New York	5-2	106	107-441	9
Chicago	5-2	114	106-441	2
Cleveland	4-3	111	102-441	11
Boston	4-5	111	101-441	3
Detroit	4-5	111	102-441	8
Washington	3-5	106	105-441	4
Baltimore	3-5	107	108-441	7
Newark City	3-6	111	101-441	6

TEAM LEADERS

Player	Team	Points	Games	Rank
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (By team)

Team	W-L	Points	Rank
BEST			
Beverly	4-2	107	108-441
Chicago	4-3	107	103-441
Philadelphia	6-3	107	117-441
San Francisco	5-4	106	105-441
St. Louis	5-4	106	103-441
Pittsburgh	4-4	106	104-441
New York	3-6	102	109-441
Chicago	3-5	106	104-441
WORST			
Beverly	4-2	107	108-441
Chicago	4-3	107	103-441
Philadelphia	6-3	107	117-441
San Francisco	5-4	106	105-441
St. Louis	5-4	106	103-441
Pittsburgh	4-4	106	104-441
New York	3-6	102	109-441
Chicago	3-5	106	104-441

WINS PRODUCED

Player	Team	Points	Games	Rank
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5

THE HIGHLIGHTS

Player	Team	Points	Games	Rank
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5
Billie	St. Louis	107	106	10-5

HIGHLIGHT

TWO DARING managerial gambles on the same night, both involving the dilemma: "to walk, or not to walk..." had totally different endings last week.

The intentional base on balls is used to bypass dangerous hitters or to set up possible force or double plays. Today with runners on second and third, and a Mantle, Williams, Klusmeyer or Feider at the plate, an intentional walk is almost Holy Writ.

Last week at Ebbets Field, Manager Mayo Smith of Philadelphia gave the maneuver a reverse twist. With the Phils leading 3-2 in the last of the sixth, the Dodgers, with two out, punted runners to second and third against Harvey Hadick. As Dodger Captain Pee Wee Reese made his way to the plate, Manager Smith made a risky but well-calculated decision. He ordered Reese, a .369 hitter, walked so that left-hander Hadick could pitch to left-handed batter Duke Snider, the National League's home run leader.

With two strikes on the Duke, the three runners leading away from their

bases like hand dogs straining at the leash, and 16,000 fans gleading for a game-winning hit, Snider thrashed at a Hadick curve ball and missed, ending the game and making Mayo Smith a very clever manager. Explained Smith calmly: "Just a percentage play. A left-handed pitcher against a left-handed batter. Just percentage."

That same night in Yankee Stadium, Baltimore and New York were tied in the sixth, 4-4. With Martin on third, two out, and Mickey Mantle at bat, the Orioles' manager, Paul Richards, surprised many fans by letting his pitcher, Billy Loew, face the league's leading home run hitter. Again, percentages were responsible for the decision. "Loew had struck him out in the seventh," Richards said later, "and Mantle's record against Baltimore playing was poor."

This time Mantle drove Loew's third pitch into the center-field seats on a hop for the ball game, making Paul Richards look considerably less clever than Mayo Smith. —W.D.

SIRES, SALES AND THE CHALLENGE

A portfolio of champions and some news of an expanding sport

by WHITNEY TOWER

SETTING IN the peaceful seclusion of Saratoga's dotted paddock the other day a veteran trainer looked about him at the horses being saddled for the day's last race. "Some of them don't look like much, do they?" he said quietly. Then, as though he had unintentionally offended a friend, he added, "And yet there must have been a day in the life of every owner here when he said to himself, 'I think I've got a real good one this time.'"

That trainer had—knowingly or not—put his finger on the deepest roots of Thoroughbred racing: the endless search for a way to come up with a better horse. In a day when the perfection of some sciences is so complete that it would terrify the citizens of the last century, the science of Thoroughbred breeding remains as mysteriously intact that today it poses more of a challenge than ever before to the world's roster of horsemen—a rapidly expanding group which is mounted somewhere near the economic top of the participant scale. As one breeder put it: "The dumbest guy in the world can guess right and the smartest guy in the world can guess wrong. If there was a set theory for breeding the best horses there wouldn't be any more fun in racing."

Ideally the best theory is "breed the best to the best—and hope for the best," but because all breeding is by necessity a compromise, the answer lies purely in genetics—a science in itself which is far from mastered. Great horses rarely reproduce themselves; conversely many of the great races in history descended from parents who, although they may have earned great reputations at stud, were often only mediocre at best during their racing careers.

During the many 1956 yearling sales, regardless of whether they are at Keeneland (which concluded its summer sales a few weeks ago), Saratoga, Del Mar, Garden State or scattered points in between, thousands of prospective buyers will be seeking to acquire a youngster who some day may become as famous as the former racing champions whose pictures appear on the following six-page foldout. The selection of these 12 particular horses deserves some explanation. For one thing, all of them, ranging from 2½-year-old Discovery to 6-year-old Native Dancer, are pictured as they recently appeared—walking, galloping and even posing proudly—in their present habitat. The 12, in their day, were champions all; not as well known by the general public (until television made Native Dancer a

household word in 1953) as champions of today, but nonetheless considered by turfmen of their time as outstanding, if not great, race horses. They had different sizes, shapes and colors, different pedigrees and, most important of all, widely varying success upon retirement to stud—all the way from Discovery and Count Fleet (who has already sired two horses of the year) to Citation, Tom Fool and Native Dancer, whose value as sires it is too early to determine, and finally on down to Amulet, who is now sterile.

The yearling sales shopper of today, although well aware of the correlation between looks and class, can be guided by any number of factors ranging from first impressions (which are often as valuable in judging animals as humans) to following a fad of buying the progeny of a particular sire whose get are momentarily enjoying great success. In the last analysis, however, no matter how well a horse is bred—or thought to be bred—conformation is really what counts. And most good horses, like all 12 in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* championship gallery, have good conformation. Where the difference of opinion among buyers usually lies is in the evaluation of pedigree and a willingness to overlook some weaknesses or deficiencies in over-all conformation. For example, had Calumet Farm offered Citation for sale as a yearling, his slightly peculiar stance and the manner in which he tied-out might have deterred the stalker for perfect conformation. And yet Citation, not the picture horse that Right Thirty was, substituted substance and strength for beauty. Power and ruggedness were his trademark. Citation, now 11 years old and the first million-dollar winner in history, has already sent his first crop of 3-year-olds to the races. Of this bunch the Preakness winner Fabius is the most distinguished, although by no stretch of the imagination could one say that Fabius has measured up to his sire's potential.

The task of evaluating the sire's worth must, of course, take time. Long ago John Madden ventured the opinion that the only way to judge a stallion is five years after he's dead. Another method is to employ the 12-year plan: 12 years after a horse has been among the top money winners, his reputation as a sire is established—either as good,

text continued on page 22

FOLDOUT: 12 GREAT RACING CHAMPIONS



CITATION

First Thoroughbred ever to earn \$1 million in purses

DISCOVERY

A top handloop horse, he carried as much as 145 pounds





CHALLEDON

Maryland-bred, voted Horse of Year in 1939, 1940

WAR ADMIRAL

Famous son of Man o' War, won Triple Crown in 1937





ETYMIE

Chestnut for \$1,500, won \$918,685 in 191 starts

TOM FOOL

Unbeaten in 1953, was top sprinter, Handicap horse





NATIVE DANCER

TV made stretch-running gray national hero in 1955

BOLD VENTURE

Won Kentucky Derby in 1958, sire of two other winners





COUNT FLEET

Top horse in 1943, won Belmont Stakes by 25 lengths

ASSAULT

Bred in Texas, was named Horse of the Year in 1948





ALSAB

A \$700 investment, grossed \$350,815 before retiring

OMAHA

Won Triple Crown in 1935, later raced in England



SIREs AND SALES

(Not continued from page 26)

mediocre or a failure. By this system, Citation should not be judged for at least another half dozen years. A ready example of the 12-year plan at work is the 1943 triple crown winner Count Fleet, now 16 years old. For the last five years Count Fleet has been one of the top American sires (topping the entire list in 1941), having produced, among others, One Count, Counterpoint and the current California 3-year-old champion, Count of Honor.

Appearances often are deceptive. As a nondescript-looking bay was led into the Saratoga sales ring one summer night in 1946, most of the buyers in attendance glanced at their catalogs just long enough to note that his sire was Good Goods and his dam Windy Chant—neither of them distinguished runners—and then, with bored yawns, they flipped their pages to see what was coming in next. The bidding was soon over and within a few minutes a Chicago lawyer by the name of Albert Sabath had acquired a race horse for a total outlay of just \$300. That colt, unoriginally named Alabab, won \$350,000 for Mr. Sabath—an accomplishment which forever will mark him as the greatest of all yearling sales bargains (save, perhaps, Man o' War, which sold for \$5,000 and earned \$249,463).

The fact that a colt like Alabab went in and out of the ring unnoticed by the big buyers has, over the years, lent challenging encouragement to thousands of new Albert Sabaths, all looking for a new superbargain. The problem of judging how good a horse will be merely by looking at him is probably about as difficult an assignment as you could ask for. Faced with this chore for most of his 60-odd years as a trainer, Bunty Jim Fitzsimmons once remarked: "Think how easy it would be if we could look inside to see what sort of machinery was there. If the engine had all the proper equipment in good working order, we'd keep it. If not, we wouldn't have to waste time with it."

Despite the Alababs, perfect conformation remains the ideal: an animal that gives one the impression of perfect symmetry and balance. Discovery serves as a top example of a horse who had ideal conformation as well as other prerequisites for greatness: a wonderful disposition, tremendous constitution, speed, heart, soundness and a racing brain. The same could apply to Assault who, although cursed by a lame foot from an early age, brought into play such a show of courage that his trainer, Max Hirsch, in recalling Assault's career recently, said, "He had the greatest heart in any horse I ever saw. Like a man with arthritis, his foot hurt him all the time, and yet he never once turned his tail to anything you asked him to do."

Tom Fool, Greentree Stables' 7-year-old bay, is another example of perfect conformation and beautiful balance. Voted the 2-year-old champion of 1951, Tom Fool was forced by illness to miss the following year's triple crown events, but his feat of winning all 10 of his starts as a 4-year-old has stamped him among breeders and horsemen as one of the greatest racers ever produced in America. This despite the fact that public acclaim (which bases far too much of its judgment on the results of a handful of overpublicized races) unfortunately will probably never accept him in the class with an animal like War Admiral, now a 22-year-old shadow of his former championship self showing the inevitable effects of old age.

In view of the general rule of thumb that great horses can hardly be expected to reproduce themselves, Man o' War did all right when he sired War Admiral, and War Admiral himself has sired, among others, Buster, the horse

of the year in 1945. Similarly the 1920 champion, Gallant Fox, in his first two crops produced the champions Omaha and Granville (the former, pictured on these pages, is now, at 24, retired from stud and turned out for the rest of his days in his adopted state of Nebraska). Omaha was never an outstanding sire and he quickly lost public appeal. Somewhat in the same situation today is 20-year-old Chaldean, the pride of Maryland, who twice, in 1939 and 1940, was the horse of the year. Later he sired such stakes winners as Danos and Sky Guy, neither of whom were really good enough to keep the name of Chaldean among the foremost fashionable stallions.

Two other former champions on these pages demonstrate still other turns of fate for fine runners. Strynie, who was higher on the leg than the average colt, matured late and wore well. In fact, this amazing racer, bred by the King Ranch and later claimed for \$1,500 by Hirsch Jacobs, became the world's leading money winner at the age of 7 when the rest of his generation had long since settled into the life at stud. His best son to date is Joe Jones. Bold Venture, on the other hand—a good example of the sprinting type with his tremendous muscle fore and aft—gained what racing fame he enjoys today solely through a victory in the 1936 Kentucky Derby. He was better as a sire, however, as two of his sons, Assault and Middleground, duplicated that feat and earned considerably more fame besides.

The True Gamble

This week, as the 36th annual Saratoga yearling sales draw to a close, the hundreds of buyers who gather nightly in the sales pavilion will have lots to think about—and plenty of opportunity to buy the best, including a few by some of the former champions already mentioned. For the most part, however, attention will be focused on the progeny of such well-established sires as Noares, Hyperion, Mahmoud, Heliopolis, Talyar and Palestine, all of whom are represented in the large consignment of Glessanus Farms. Glessanus Farms is owned by a partly 66-year-old comparative newcomer to breeding by the name of Larry S. MacPhail, who gladly admits, while showing visitors around his barns, that he is the same Larry S. MacPhail who once headed the Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Yankee baseball clubs. Today, with over a million dollars invested in Thoroughbred stock, MacPhail is taking dead aim on the position formerly held secure by A. B. Hancock Sr. and later by Henry Knight as the country's leading market breeder. "There is no unanimity as to what constitutes a good yearling," says MacPhail, "so when my night comes, I'm going to offer 'em the best available—the best breeding and the best in conformation. With 40 yearlings going at auction I'll need to average about \$12,000 to make any money. I think I'll do it."

But even with Larry MacPhail's highly prized consignments to lure them, buyers at Saratoga are constantly mindful of the elementary fundamentals of conformation: a good sloping shoulder, legs with strong bones, hard joints with no knottiness, medium-sized, well-shaped feet together with good spring in the pastern and, most important of all, a good intelligent head containing a wide jaw and a bold eye set in an honest face.

Such an animal may go for \$60,000 or \$6,000, or even \$600. He may never get to the races or he may follow in the footsteps of such yearling sales bargains as Dark Star, Determino, Hasty Road and High Gun.

This is the gamble a true horseman—as opposed to a horse player—enjoys most of all. (KRB)



THE CASE

Scorned by the athlete, scolded by the physical fitness fanatic, exploited by parking lot sharpies, ushers and hot dog vendors, his ultimate indignity is his betrayal by those who should love him most: the men who run spectator sports

by JAMES MURRAY

It's not. Over the vast expanse of the ancient, soot-blackened arena the sun glares pitilessly, slowly but surely roasting the sweating humans in the cavernous gloom below as in an oven. Here and there, up the baking channels of the stadium ramps, small figures struggle hopelessly, blindly seeking the light above. One has already reached his goal. We see him here, transfixed before the distant spectacle he has come so far to view. But his ears hear not the muted shouts upon that far-off playing field; his eyes see not the graceful curve of ball in flight and runner reaching. His gaze is riveted for all eternity—i.e., nine innings—on his inevitable doom: a pole.

He has probably paid \$2.50 to view that pole. Small comfort to him that this pole has been holding up this structure where he sits for nearly half a century, because he didn't really come to look at it at all. He came to see a ball game, and now he wonders why he isn't out where smarter people are who keep up with the times—out on the golf course, say, or trying to improve his rusty backhand on the local tennis court or maybe shooting bears and buffaloes with bow and arrow. In short,

we have before us a specimen of *homo spectator* about to become *homo participans*—if he can ever get out of this broiling hole of hell alive—and hating the very thought of it.

And people ask: What's happening to the fan? Where is he?

Well, I have news. The fan is there, right where he's always been—still tooling around the antiquated ball park in the family sedan looking for a place to park; still emptying out his

pockets to pay off that shark who steered him to a leader-denting hole outside the left-field wall, or giving his last eight bits to the usher, the one who's buying income property with the accumulated tax-free tips he gets for dusting off reserved seats. Could even be, in mid-game, he's still climbing the ramps because he didn't tip the usher and so got sent off in the wrong direction. But anyway, he's still around, the fan is, behind his pole or maybe standing in line outside the rest room, the one with only one door and just enough facilities to take care of a Cub Scout den. He's still around—but maybe not for long.

Or maybe he isn't around, at that. Maybe he finally listened when the little woman stamped her foot for the umpteenth time and said: "The ball park? That filthy hole? Not on your life! We're going down to Laew's High where they have Romano Brizzi kissing Katharine Hepburn's hand in Technicolor on a Wide Screen with Stereophonic Sound, and where they have those big, comfortable leg seats with air-conditioning and hot popcorn and cold Coke if you feel like it." Maybe he thought of the splintery plank seats

ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

Statements such as those made here are not lightly undertaken. James Murray, however, speaks with the authority and passion of a fan of many years' standing (SI, June 11). His opinions in this review have been bolstered by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED correspondents in key sports cities: KAT CAYE in Baltimore, EDGIE BRACHLER in Pittsburgh, JOE DURAN in Cincinnati, STUART BROWN in Philadelphia, JACK OLSEN in Chicago, EUGENE SERIAL in Cleveland, ROO VAN EVERY in Milwaukee and HAROLD KAMEN in Boston. ROBERT OBERON translated their positions in the drawings of what fans endure.

FOR THE SUFFERING FAN



which he would get for his reserved-seat ticket, and the sweating effort of chasing himself hoarse for a pack of athletes who would make obscene gestures at him or take to the public prints to claim he didn't deserve their services even at \$6 grand per year. So maybe he did turn to the little woman, thinking: it's just too much trouble to get there, it's too uncomfortable when I am there, they treat me like I'm not wanted anyway; and maybe he said: "Honey, you're right. Loew's it is. And Saturday, instead of going to the ball game, I'm gonna try and break 100."

Extreme? Well, possibly. But it's happening. Things are conspiring against loose spectator. He's being pulled and tugged at from all angles. He isn't an anachronism yet, but he's in danger of becoming one—a figure from the past, a backdrop for a TV athletic show, a potbellied object of finger-pointing by his family: "Daddy, Mr. Jones filled in at shortstop in Little League practice yesterday. How about you?" "Honey, Mrs. Smith told me that her husband was out on the golf course the other day when that big agency man from the West was here, and he shot an 80 or something and landed the account." The physical fitness people are after him, too; it's getting so a man can't spread himself at a ball park at all any more without thinking of what it's doing to his heart, his blood pressure and assorted organs he was heretofore totally unaware of as he sits and urges others on to sweat and toil in the name of sports and glory.

But the worst thing of all is that he's being let down by those whom he depends on most: the men who run the spectacles he wants to pay money to

see. It isn't only baseball; it's basketball, too, and football and basketball and even tennis, which, come to think of it, is one of the worst offenders, with its matches staged in remote country clubs with concrete seats (if any) and the assumption that anybody who cares about the game has a chauffeured Cadillac at his disposal anyway. And the effect of it is telling. You can see it best in baseball, where the griping and second-guessing got so audible this year that Commissioner Ford

Frick saw fit to clamp on a muzzle. Unwelcome as the thought may be to loose spectator, his ranks are thinning, and it's getting clearer all the time that if it's sport he wants, the thrill of combat and achievement, he's got to get out and, in the modern spirit, do it himself. It's almost easier to pitch a game these days than watch one.

Take Bob Cobb, the Hollywood restaurant magnate who is president, principal owner and general manager

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The long climb

THE SUFFERING FAN

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of the Hollywood Stars baseball team. As operating head of a franchise in a city of more than two million, it is his function to serve mainly as a supplier of baseball talent to a city of fewer than 750,000 (Pittsburgh) but, the fabric of baseball being what it is, he accepts this philosophically. In fact, he thinks it's nothing compared to the indignities organized baseball heaps on those it ought to know better than to mistreat—the customers.



That stinking parking boy

"Look at it this way," suggests President Cobb. "There isn't a ball park in the country, with one or two exceptions, that's less than 30 years old. Baseball men haven't done a damn thing to their parks for decades except paint them. Show me another industry that has stood still like that! Show me a hotel in a big city that was a major hotel 30 years ago and is still a major hotel. You won't find one unless it has been renovated from top to bottom. The Polo Grounds is that same old plant—a horse-and-buggy ball park. Sentiment? A lot of bosh! Would you drive a 1910 automobile to take your family on a long trip, sentiment or not?"

Cobb doesn't even spare himself.

"Take that ball park of ours out there [Gilmore Field in the heart of Hollywood]. It's dirty. It's apt to be damp at night. You have to wipe the dew off to sit down. We don't do it for you unless you're a box seat holder and are prepared to tip. We have the finest concession foodstuffs in baseball. But what do you get? Still just a hot dog

and a paper cup of beer that will spill on your clothes."

It isn't as though it was only Gilmore Field or Elberts Field or the aforementioned Polo Grounds. The fans' dissatisfaction with what they get when they've plunked their money down and paid off the parking lot shark and the small boy who wants to watch the car and the guy who beats them into buying a program and the usher who tells them where to go and the usher who flirts off the seat when they finally get to it—well, their dissatisfaction with the whole works is country-wide.

official persons who do nothing more than say "Put it in there, Mac." There's a sickening feeling that a quarter saved might be a fat tire earned."

In solid Cincinnati the inquirer after possible improvements gets short shrift from the Redlegs' general manager, Gabe Paul. "Sure, the seats are hard," Mr. Paul told a recent interviewer. "A baseball crowd doesn't mind hard seats much, anyway. Every time something happens they all jump up. Besides, they've always got the seventh-inning stretch."

In Pittsburgh the pigeons, left rootless when the Wabash Railroad Terminal was torn down years ago, have taken squatter's rights to the gardens of Forbes Field. The management, complain the fans, seems glad to have them there. At that, their control might well be the envy of the Pirates' pitchers. The general admission fans report they haven't missed the strikes since in years. Forbes Field is a museum anyway. It opened June 30, 1936, nearly half a century ago.

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads the bulletins about how street urinals let the air out of the tires of baseball fans' cars unless they are tipped a buck in advance not to. So nearly nobody goes to a ball game unless there's a big crowd, assuring adequate policing of the Connie Mack Stadium area. Said one reporter recently: "There is a large number of rascals, uncouth characters who filter into Mack Stadium. Several times there have been riots, driving away potential customers." It would seem that if the city won't do it the management ought to provide more police to protect its customers.

In Boston, Fenway Park may well be, as it boasts, the tidiest of major league ball parks, but its reserved seat sections encroach upon the unreserved areas in so unpredictable a fashion that only the unknowing fan will venture

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NEW LOOK IN MINNEAPOLIS

The Minneapolis Millers took a shellacking in their new stadium (opposite page) when it opened last year (Wichita, 5-3), but the spectators didn't. Clear, colorful and cantilevered, the structure features a total absence of obstructing posts and a perfect view from any seat. Its designers, the Minneapolis firm of Thorshev and Cerny, who specialize in contemporary design, studied other stadiums country-wide, looking specifically for defects they should avoid. One of the places they visited was the New York Giants' antique Polo Grounds (see page 38). The Giants have since returned the call, and there are high hopes now in Minneapolis that the bright new stadium will help the city to graduate from a Giant farm town to the Giants' home, thus becoming the fourth minor league city to go big league.





At dusk, almost mystical glow of lights high over Polo Grounds beckens New York spectators, who file



pilgrim-fashion across Harlem River w/ bridge to the Giants' bottom-land field beneath Coogan's Bluff



Minneapolis officials hope the clean lines, easy access and pleasant coloring of their modern new stadium will prove as irresistible to a major league team as it does to fans

THE SUFFERING FAN

continued from page 28

past the turnstile without a reserved seat. The stadium is ridiculously small (capacity 35,000), considering that Boston is the lone citadel of big-time baseball for all of New England (pop. 5,300,000). A single-decker, it gives an inferiority complex to the proper Bostonians, pained at the country-fair aspect of their stadium in comparison to triple-deck mastodons like the Yankees' park. Ticket sellers grumpily refuse to scow through their stacks to seat customers in preferred locations—which is about par for the course for ticket sellers anywhere.

In fact, in Milwaukee one fan stated categorically, "I hate ticket sellers as a class, and that goes for opera, concert, basketball, baseball or pingpong. Without me this guy ain't even got a job. But he treats me like dirt. He is offended if I ask for a certain seat, as if I should feel lucky to get any old seat. He acts like he'd just as soon I went away and didn't bother him. I think the ticket seller should be hired with care, given some training in sales psychology and should be checked regularly by ringers who report on his technique and politeness."

And this specimen of *Assespectator* added: "After all, the great game of baseball, I figure, is like top-drawer vaudeville. It's dispensable."

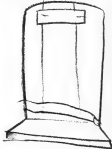
Most of baseball's fans don't yet subscribe to that kind of treasonable talk. To them baseball is indispensable. And, to be sure, ticket sellers as a class have improved over the years. In the old days in New York the ticket seller was a curmy type who figured his salary was beside the point and his real take-home pay was what he could cheat out of the customers via the short-change racket. But this fan is right: ticket sellers represent the face of the ball club to the customer. If it's a surly face, his reaction is negative. If it cheats him, a little of his love for baseball dies.

In Milwaukee the fans have a friend—fellow by the name of Russ Lynch, a sportswriter who wasn't satisfied just to get the Braves in his home town. He insisted their deportment be exemplary once they were there. When he found women with babies in arms standing for hours in the boiling sun to buy tickets at the stadium, he forced management to open more ticket windows and to distribute tickets to key downtown locations for ready purchase. The point is that Mr. Perini, the Braves' owner, should have thought



©Glen

The ticket windows are surly



The ticket windows are surely

of it first. The Milwaukee chapter of baseball's loyal fans took his club out of Poverty Row and made it the most envied franchise in baseball today.

In Cleveland the Municipal Stadium ramps are so steep that even young people are exhausted by the time they get to their seats in the upper stands. The aged customers won't try. Yet department stores have had escalators for 20 years or more. Why not baseball stadiums? The Cleveland chapter would also like to know how come the choice tickets for choice double-

headers (like the Yankee ones) wind up in the hands of the shady characters on Short Vincent Street? Are those the guys who support the baseball team?

"In Chicago's Comiskey Park," writes a friend from the home of the White Sox, "there isn't much you can do about the stockyard stench which has preceded you to the ball park. You've bought a box seat for \$2.50. The Andy Faine ushers in their smart blue uniforms keep looking at your stub and pointing toward left field. Finally you've gone as far down the left field line as you can go; a smiling usher looks at your stub and says 'There!' and you discover you're sitting 11 rows back in box 97. You're 350 feet from home plate and you're playing the hitter even deeper than in Crosley's Mincos, Sox left fielder. You will be wise not to put up a squawk. Remember, they can always exchange your ticket for a 'box seat' high in the upper tier back of first base, from which \$2.50 vantage point you can't even see the right field corner.

"Finally," our friend concludes his melancholy theodicy, "the game is ended. You fall in line for the one-hour march out of the park. Shuffling down the narrow aisle (narrow aisles make for more seating capacity) you wonder if you'll ever re-enter the free world. At long last you do, only to endure the ultimate indignity. That 12-year-old brat who offered to watch your car for 99¢—and was turned down—has taken his revenge; there is a long scratch running the full length of the car."

In view of all this, it's hardly surprising that baseball attendance has fallen

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The hard seats

THE SUFFERING FAN

continued from page 41

off almost one-third is not paid over the past eight years. To be sure, there are other reasons, which the owners cannot control: the Dodger-Yankee elly has been seen too much, for instance. But the cold facts are that the drop-off would be even more dizzying if it weren't for the plugging of big holes by Milwaukee and Baltimore.

Baseball is the worst offender but by no means the only one. If the reader ever contemplates laying out \$50 or \$100 for a "ringside" seat at a really big prizefight, let him bring along a pair of binoculars. That "ringside" seat—unless you're a big shot or a friend of the IBC—will be 23 to 50 rows back, and if the fight is in a ball park the seats will be level, not elevated. At the Marciano-Walcott fight in Chicago there were 12,500 "ringside" seats, more than half the capacity of Chicago Stadium.

In football there are stands with seating capacities in the neighborhood of 140,000 all over the country. But fewer than a fifth of the seats are between the end zones. If it's a college game these seats are filled by the students, and so one will quarrel with that. But if it's a pro game these seats are filled by season ticket holders. Now, a fan does not expect to be sold season tickets in the end zone, but a little planning could save some fair-to-middling seats for the fan who likes the home team but can't take that big lump sum out of the family budget to get in on the season ticket sale. Failing that, pro football could take a tip from department stores which sell their merchandise on the installment plan. People can even fly now and pay later—but



The heat

pre football apparently doesn't trust people.

It's always been a rule of thumb in the sports business that to attract the customers all that's needed is to field a winner. As far as the promoters are concerned, the fans are just a bunch of fair-weather friends and there isn't any reason why a promoter should go out of his way to make the temporary residency of those who pay admission into their arenas any more pleasant. But this is an attitude which is peculiar to the sports industry alone. The auto manufacturers put out a good product and go out of their way to make it pleasant for Mr. and Mrs. John Doe who want to buy it. And if they

don't buy, the manufacturers don't milk and call the Does a family of ingrates. They just redouble their efforts to please them.

The plain truth of the matter, to address a word directly to those responsible for the misery of The Man In The Upper Deck Seat, is you can't go potting along in 1936 with ball parks built in 1891, as the Polo Grounds relic was, or even 1913, as Ebbets Field was. You can't and still expect to compete equally for the entertainment dollar.

You're not going to lose the oldhand fans, to be sure. They're used to the hardships and long ago were trapped by the romance of baseball in spite of your stubborn efforts to break them up. But you haven't a prayer of capturing the younger generation. They're used to ruffled nurseries, followed in succession by bunk beds, lightweight bikes with gearshifts, fancy automobiles and, at length, air-conditioned offices and restaurants. As far as they're concerned, your places of business are just damp, draughty, cramped and cavernous old architectural monstrosities, peopled with hostile or indifferent sales personnel, insolent vendors and swell-headed performers who won't even sign autograph books. Even *My Fair Lady* couldn't draw them through an obstacle course like that. Your show, in short, is for addicts only.

Perhaps baseball men have swallowed too much of that sentimental pap that baseball is such a super-integral part of the American scene that it



At home you're comfortable

will be put on sustaining even if no one shows up except the players—subsidized like the farmers, say. If that's the case they would do well to look over into a more sensitive sports area—the horse race tracks. The entrepreneurs there know that they're rather shaky members of the community, and they go out of their way to be gracious and courteous to their guests as a result. Take a look around the newer race tracks: escalators, a multiplicity of restaurants and cocktail lounges (real hot chef's food, not hot-water frankfurters and soggy mustard), cushions on the seats, clean-up crews constantly at work, plenty of police for your protection and a setting as relaxing and beautiful as the center of Central Park on a summer afternoon. A baseball park ought to be at least a facsimile of some.

Mr. Cobb, he of the Hollywood Stars whom we quoted at the beginning of this piece, agrees. "What baseball should have everywhere," he insists, "is not another ramshackle stadium but a brand new baseball plant with brand new ideas and engineering. It should be one with power brakes and steering. What I mean is, it should have escalators and radiant heating, adjustable seats for box seat pettites. It should have a spacious restaurant with a dance floor. It should have parking for 12,000 to 15,000 autos, with 1,000

private spaces for season box holders.

"It should be beautifully landscaped with perennial flowers and manicured green grass. It should have a banquet room which will seat 4,000 people and which will have all the major sports banquets. It should be a little like Santa Anita race track—only more so. It should have a 90-foot-wide foyer divided by trees. Why, Forest Lawn is just a cemetery but it draws half a million people a year just because it's beautiful."

A word from the couch in conclusion, that couch which awaits *Asno spectator* if he can't make the transition to *Asno participant* and finds the pole behind which he is sitting has grown into a wall. For years the amateur psychologists used to lambaste us poor fans—we were taking out our aggressions in the grandstand, they said, and really weren't very nice people, full of repressed hostility, they said. Well, a prominent Beverly Hills psychiatrist to whom I talked says: "Not so. I would not agree it is unhealthy. It's a reasonable way to give vent to feelings or to have satisfied needs which if expressed in other ways might be harmful. One of the primary needs is to express aggressiveness. It is beneficial to society and to the individual to have this aggression expressed in spectating a sports event. Prisons are full of people who were not able to

take out these aggressions in this way."

But he does sound a word of warning for sports promoters, owners and general managers. "Being at a contest of any kind," he says, "the spectator gets a vicarious participation in it. Thus he experiences feelings and personal meanings in these competitive or win-versus-lose situations. Anything which restricts his ability to lose himself in the contest he is watching will decrease both his enjoyment in it and the value he derives emotionally from being able to express aggressive feelings in a controlled and socially approved manner."

In other words, Mr. Sports Manager, if it costs too much money or too much trouble, if it makes your customers disgruntled or dismayed to watch your spectacle, if it disrupts their home life because their wives won't go to "that grimy old place," then you're in trouble. It will all tend to dilute your customer's concentration on or self-identification with the contest going on down on the field. There's no telling what this might mean. Somewhere along the line one of your fans might sock an umpire. One of them might sock you. But one thing is sure: when the dilation reaches the point where the distractions outweigh the concentration, then your customers won't be fans anymore. They'll be ex-fans. That's your problem. (C.C.C.)



You take out your aggressive tendencies

'NOBODY FALLS ASLEEP ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON'

*I*T'S FUNNY, the sort of thing that catches your eye when you've been away for a long time," said Foreign Correspondent—and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Bonn correspondent—Jim Bell in New York the other day after a long tour in West Germany. "I've been around New York and back to my home state of Kansas for a visit, and the thing that really struck me wasn't the prosperity or the new buildings. It's that there don't seem to be any fat people in the United States, and nobody seems to have big Sunday afternoon dinners any more. The Germans are getting fat again. But here everybody looks thin to me. Nobody falls asleep on Sunday afternoon—they all seem to be out tearing around somewhere."

Millions and millions of U.S. citizens are indeed out tearing around somewhere on Sunday afternoon, although the transition between today's astounding preoccupation with participant sport and the comatose sort of off-the-job living which largely prevailed even in the fabulous 1920s has been so natural and so much fun that the change has gone almost unnoticed by those who have brought it about. The brightly dressed and casual people in the color photographs on the opposite page—like the participating sportsmen and women on the pages which follow—are a fine example, although it is doubtful that a big Sunday dinner has crossed their minds, and they are not, obviously, satiated to find themselves sitting in family groups on a lawn at New York's Shelter Island Yacht Club after a day of deepwater sailing.

They typify, however, one of the greatest of postwar changes, not simply in sport but in the concepts of the American people; a man does not begin climbing mountains or fishing or sailing without changing a little himself, and never, anywhere in the world, have so many new people discovered so quickly the pleasures, disciplines and rewards of ardent participation in sport. Long Island's yachters are now but a fraction—albeit an exceedingly competent and beautifully equipped fraction—of those who enjoy the nation's waterways. Twenty-five million people are on the water in five and a half million pleasure craft this year; there are yacht clubs and boating organizations and meetings on lakes and rivers all across the country—even in western desert canyons where streams have been dammed by hydroelectric projects, just as there are scores of little, member-built, member-moved golf courses across the farm lands of the prairie states.

The rush to participant sport not only gains new impetus

but seems to broaden and change as it goes on. There are, for example, about 500% more skiers in the U.S. now than there were 15 years ago. But there is something static about such figures: one need only remember the clumsy—and clumsily clad—early enthusiasts who pioneered skiing in this country to realize how much skiers and their sport have improved in growing. When a man or a woman buys a fishing license or a Star boat or a bowling ball, when he grows interested in bird watching or camping, he is only beginning something and may very well spend the rest of his life attempting to excel at it. In fact, perhaps the most unique quality of the American sportsman is his urge to excel in both performance and equipment.

A great deal of the fascination in any participant sport lies in the fact that the man who embraces it is competing, basically, against himself. A pink Hendrickson, dropped lightly as a feather on some tree-hung eddy of water, may not bring up a trout, but the man who dropped it there can treasure the memory of a perfect cast and reflect on the years of practice which gave his wrist its running. Most people who fish or play golf or tennis, who sail, drive sports cars, ski, shoot a bow, hunt or bowl in the U.S. are not athletes in the accepted sense at all—a great many of them are far beyond the age of competitive athletics, far one thing—but millions of them, in the last few years, have attained a surprising degree of competence as well as enormous satisfaction.

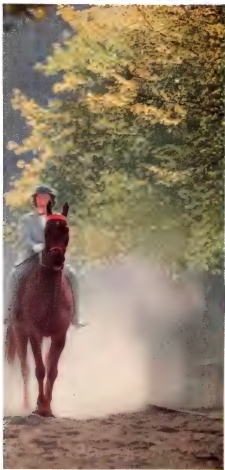
Simply by applying themselves to their sport they have improved the sport itself in almost every instance; there are new swimming pools, new ski slopes, new mountain campsites, improved outboard motors, new fishing rods, reels and lines, new courses, coasts and alloys and new sports clothing of every conceivable kind because millions of people have forced them into being by the steady pressure of their interest.

But if the new participants are leaving their mark upon the practices and trappings of sport—and rediscovering the winds and tides and vicissitudes of the North American continent in the process—sport is also working its changes on them and the atmosphere in which they live. A banker rounding a busy, a stenographer on homeback, a mechanic in a duck blind can all savor—even in the age of the desk, the lathe, the tractor and the split-level-with-mortgage—that expansiveness of spirit, that sense of uniqueness, which have always been the hallmarks of a full and satisfying life.

—PAUL O'NEIL

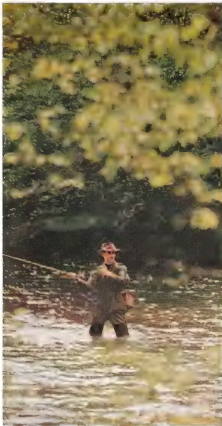






*As the sunlight gives them a golden frame of leaves, the riders on a
bridle path in Central Park are
within earshot of New York
traffic—and a world away*

*K*nee-deep in the swift, silvery waters of a mountain stream,
against a cool, green backdrop of overhanging trees,
the trout fisherman meets his moment of truth.



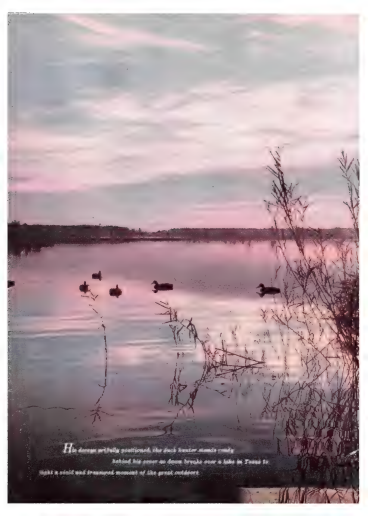
*G*olf's traditional spirit,
eighty hole at the
a new course already ranked among



*the foursome, plays the
Old Warren Country Club in St. Louis,
the best in the U.S.*

*On one of the summer's perfect Sunday afternoons, a young
tennis-playing couple solves the baby-sitter problem by
bringing the baby along to the courts of a nearby park*

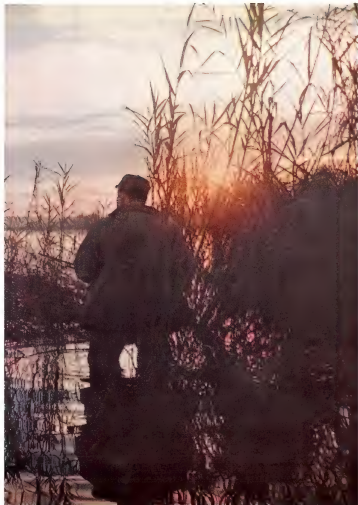


A full-page photograph of a lake at sunset. The sky is filled with soft, pink and orange clouds. The water is calm, reflecting the colors of the sky. Several ducks are visible on the water. In the foreground, there are some reeds and branches on the right side. The overall mood is peaceful and quiet.

He doesn't fully position the duck hunter's stand, only

letting his gear as dawn breaks over a lake in Texas to

take a quiet and tranquil moment of the great outdoors.





A just a mile hike from Blue Ridge Parkway in North Carolina, towering
waterfalls get rare until view of The Cucumber, in shade for most of day

THE AGE OF SPORT

1954-2004 A.D.

by GERALD HOLLAND

The following thesis, "The Age of Sport, 1954-2004 A.D.," is hereby submitted as evidence of research completed for the degree Master of Sporting Sciences (M.S.S.).

By GUY HENRY RIVKESCHTER JR.
Crestside School
University of Levittown
Levittown, New York

FOREWORD: Before proceeding with an examination of sports over the past half century, the candidate presumes to say a personal word in explanation of his interest in the subject. The candidate comes from a family of sports zealots. His father, for whom he was named, was in turn named for one of the storied figures of early baseball, Branch Rickey, whose teams wore pinstripes in St. Louis, Brooklyn and (after his retirement) at Pittsburgh. Thus, too, the candidate was strongly influenced by the fact that he grew up in the extremely sports-minded city of Levittown, N.Y. This city, it might be said parenthetically, was not even incorporated in 1954 but was a mere housing development. But, as was the case up and down the country, developments and suburbs time and again came to dwarf the very cities that spawned them. And, as is the case of Levittown, to appropriate many of the parent city's institutions. It is scarcely necessary to point out, in this connection, that the Levittown Subdividers were once known as the Brooklyn Dodgers in the old National League.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION: Although there is wide disagreement among historians as to precisely when the Age of Sport began, this candidate has selected the year 1954. Thus he is able to take in a half century of sporting history and to pinpoint the beginnings of trends which were not always recog-

nized as trends at the time. The candidate confesses that he has been influenced in his selection of the year 1954 by the fact that a national weekly sports magazine was founded in that year and the sporting public's cordial reception of this magazine, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, would seem to indicate that the Age of Sport was indeed dawning. The candidate has drawn heavily in his research on the files of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and, moreover, has been given access to certain confidential interoffice memoranda written by early staff writers who, from time to time, made certain predictions of sporting trends. Sometimes these forecasts turned out to be surprisingly accurate. At other times they were (as will be shown) far wide of the mark.

The present editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—now, of course, the international as well as national magazine of sport—in their 50th Anniversary Issue (Aug. 20, 2004) have themselves called attention to what seems to this candidate (and them) a delightful naiveté of the founders. As long ago as 1954, these pioneers were referring to the U.S. sporting scene as The Wonderful World of Sport and calling the times The New Golden Age. In view of the enormous new importance of sports in our day, this enthusiasm can only be compared to what surely must have been wide-eyed wonder at the flight of the first jet airplane.

As one final point of this introduction it seems relevant to remind the reader that the Age of Sport has also been the Age of Age (as it was so heralded in *TIME*, the weekly newsmagazine, in its issue of July 23, 1956), and this fact makes comparisons of individual performances before and after the Age of Age worse than meaningless. The amazing progress of the medical profession in "adding life to years, not

just years to life" has been (as no one needs to be told) enormously successful. Working with hormones and estrogens and the later discoveries, scientists have made the age of 75 a man's prime in such sports as archery, softball, bowling, golf and curling. Of course, the case of Ratchel Paige (who emerged from intensive treatment at Washington University's Medical School in St. Louis to win 22 games for the Kansas City Athletics in 1976) cannot be called typical—even now.

SCOPE OF INQUIRY: The detailed examination of some of the more popular sports will be limited in this thesis to the United States. But mention should be made, at least briefly, of the transformation of certain national sports into world sports. Baseball, for example, is now played all over the world, a trend that began with its adoption by Italy (*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, June 26, 1956) and continued with its rapid spread throughout Europe and Asia. Soccer, which was being called (erroneously) "the world game" long before 1954, became that in fact when the U.S. revived it on a large scale after the all-weather stadiums made it practical. The first World Cup final that matched the U.S. and England in Wembley Stadium was played in 1981. (The U.S. won 4-2.) Tennis became truly a world game when Russia took it up seriously in 1958, and the U.S. (looking for a game that required small playing space in the big cities) gave it tremendous impetus in 1960 and thereafter, relegating Australia to the status of a second-rate tennis power.

Some games, like Panamerican leg wrestling, never became really popular outside the countries of their origin.

However, with the advent of intercontinental television, in full color and

continued on next page

AGE OF SPORT

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three dimensions, there was always a world audience for every sport, even those not actually played on a world scale.¹

As indicated, not every sport will be reexamined in detail in this thesis, but those subjected to scrutiny will also serve to indicate the trends generally.

First, of course, is the U.S. national game.

BASEBALL: Research discloses that Robert Creamer, an associate editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, made predictions of uneasy accuracy at various times during the late 1950s. He correctly forecast the death of the minor leagues as then constituted and also foresaw the creation of a third major league made up of cities from Kansas City westward.² As Creamer surmised, the faction of the old minor leagues was gradually absorbed by the Little Leagues, the Pony Leagues, the industrial leagues and a few subsidized minor "training" leagues to bridge the gap to the majors.

Creamer did not foresee (nor did anyone else) the great baseball dilemma known as the "home run crisis." Home runs, as everyone is aware, became such a commonplace in the late 1950s that the game itself was threatened. Sluggers like Mickey Charles Mantle of the New York Yankees began to hit the ball out of the park with such regularity that the fans became bored and sometimes booed the very hits they formerly had cheered. Mantle, to take one example, hit 45 home runs in 1957, 73 in 1958, 98 in 1959 and 129 in 1960.

A council called by Frank Lane, then commissioner of baseball and its natural spokesman, and attended by the league and club presidents, could find no solution to the problem and were about to adjourn in admitted failure when a schoolboy ballplayer named Mordecai Brown Williams was interviewed by an Associated Press correspondent (who intended the dispatch as a humorous feature story) and proposed that the major leagues now apply an old rule of schoolboy baseball,

namely the over-the-fence-is-out rule. Lane and the other baseball leaders pounced gratefully on this suggestion, and it was put into effect over the violent protests of some club owners and, of course, the sluggers themselves. After the excitement had died down, baseball became the game it had been at its inception, with emphasis on such subtleties as the bunt, the squeeze, the hit-and-run and the steal. The inside-the-park homer was now regarded as the *pichee de resistance*. Mickey Mantle, who had been bitter about the



over-the-fence-is-out rule in the beginning, now concentrated on "the inside" and hit seven in one season before retiring to devote all his time to his turbojet automobile agency.

It seems incredible now that in the old days fans might travel miles to a ball park only to have the game postponed because of rain. The first of the all-weather parks was built here in Levittown in 1961. It was known as Kleinsasser's Stadium since it was the work of Theodore W. Kleinsasser, the distinguished architect still practicing in Boston, who designed it as part of his graduate work at Princeton University (where he had been a famous football star) in 1955. He had visualized the domed stadium for the old Brooklyn Dodgers, but Walter O'Malley, the Dodger president, after playing experimental schedules in Jersey City, N.J. and Yonkers, N.Y., sold out to the Levittown syndicate before anything could be done about a new stadium. Historic Ebbets Field in Brooklyn was purchased by the City of New York and used for girls' softball games and tug-of-war matches.

Aside from these changes, baseball has remained the game it has always been and the fans' reaction to it has

not altered since the heyday of Branch Rickey. In this connection it might not be amiss (especially in view of the fact that the candidate is named for this baseball immortal) to quote the words of Mr. Rickey, speaking to the crowd at Kleinsasser's Stadium on his 60th birthday. Said Mr. Rickey: "Man may penetrate the outer reaches of the universe, he may solve the very secret of eternity itself, but for me, the ultimate human experience is to witness the flawless execution of that impetuous baseball stratagem known as the hit-and-run."

BASKETBALL: This popular spectator sport had to face a problem comparable to baseball's "home run crisis." Roy Terrell of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* must be credited with facing authorities to do something about the domination of this ancient game by giant players. The formation (in 1960) of the Harlem 88s, a team comprising players of 7 feet 4 inches or more, was, as Terrell put it in the pungent language of the day, "the last straw."

"Why not," wrote Terrell, "create an entirely new game and call it 'tall-boy'?" Then let basketball be given back to players of average size."

The National Collegiate Athletic Association immediately seized upon this suggestion and adopted it, with the professional leagues quickly following suit. Old-fashioned basketball, with its low scoring, became extremely popular again, although it must be said that the new game of tallboy had (and still has) its share of devoted fans.

GOLF: For his research on this fine old game, the candidate has had the extreme good fortune of personally interviewing the dean of world golf writers, Mr. Herbert Warren Wind, whose flying golf cart is still a familiar sight at all major tournaments. Such is Mr. Wind's stature in the golf world that he is the only writer permitted to hover over the green while the contestants are putting.

Mr. Wind said he was surprised at nothing that has happened in golf during his lifetime. As evidence he produced the following interoffice memorandum, which he has authorized this candidate to quote. The memorandum, written July 13, 1956, states in part:

"In the next 30 years, I do not think it would be excessive to say, at least 5 million more golfers will be at large. The greatest barrier at the moment to their increase is the lack of sufficient courses for them to play on. And the spread of the game will depend to a

¹ Television entertainment was revolutionized by the new importance of sports. In 1963 *The Ed Sullivan Show*, a feeble mid-century hit, abandoned its meandering format and was devoted to 60 minutes of golf instruction by leading professionals.

² Other cities in the western major league are Minneapolis-St. Paul, Denver, Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oklahoma City and Spanish Gardens, Texas. Spanish Gardens was once a suburb of Dallas.

³ With the new importance of "inside," some club owners attempted to move back the very fences they had once moved forward to get more of the old-fashioned home runs. Commissioner Lane acted promptly, however, and froze the fences as of 1961.

large degree on how many courses can be built and how soon they will be built. In this connection, what with the way cities keep on overrunning the suburbs [Candidate's note: actually, it was the other way around], many observers believe that the courses of the future will have to be built at considerable distances from the centers of population. Getting to and from there will not be too difficult. It is not unlikely that there will be air buses [Candidate's note: how true!] leaving on weekends for public courses high in the mountains. Many of these will be located in state and national parks. The rich man will have the time of his life, zooming down to the Caribbean or over to Africa for a round of golf. These exotic courses certainly will be good ones. Improved grass strains will make courses in the tropic latitudes infinitely better than they are today."

Mr. Wind predicted in the same memorandum that the average golfer would be three or four strokes better within 50 years, but he insisted that four rounds of 46 would be enough to win the National Open. He also foretold, correctly, that more and more young women would turn to the game and that eventually, as in our day, talking golf lessons would be as natural as taking piano lessons was in Mr. Wind's early childhood.

As is well known, Mr. Wind has fought vigorously against all attempts to make the golf ball livelier and the golf club more of a glimmer than an implement of sport. Mr. Wind believed firmly that golf was a mature game in the 1950s and should not be tampered with. However, he was the first to applaud such innovations as spectator trains running along the sides of fair-

ways. Summing up his feelings about changes in the rules and equipment, Mr. Wind declared: "It is very important that a golfer in the year 2000 be able to recognize that he is playing the same game that Francis Ouimet played in 1913, that Bobby Jones played in 1930, that Ben Hogan played in 1953."

BOXING: "The day will come," said Martin Kane, an associate editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, in a television interview conducted by Jinx Falkenberg McCrory on Dec. 8, 1957, "when the \$50 million gate in boxing will be taken for granted. In other words, it will be proved that Jack Kearns [Candidate's note: Jack Kearns was an early boxing manager in part responsible for the first \$1 million gate] was born 50 years too soon. The \$50 million gate, of course, will result from the spread of closed-circuit theater television, now popularly known as TNT. Indeed, the day may even arrive when a heavyweight championship fight may be contested in a large hotel room, as predicted by one boxing promoter years ago.

"I see many other drastic changes in the present setup of boxing. An electronic system of scoring will be devised, one that will record the frequency and effectiveness of blows landed and also determine the effective aggressor in the contest. The referee will not be permitted to participate in the judging. Consequently, there will be three judges, and they will be left free by the electronic scoring device to judge such subtleties as defensive ability and ring generalship.

"There will be a better enforcement of rules. As televised boxing becomes more and more a living-room sport, viewers and sponsors will insist on clean fights."

Mr. Kane also correctly predicted that amateur boxing contests would replace the old "club fights" and that the big business aspects of the game would force promoters to plow back revenue in order to insure a supply of talent. "Something," asked Jinx McCrory, "like the baseball farm system?" "Exactly," replied Mr. Kane. "And before closing, Jinx, let me make one final prediction: I believe I can safely and positively say that 50 years from now Stillman's Gym will have received a new coat of paint."⁴

HORSE RACING: At a Parent-Teachers Association picnic held at Old Westbury, Long Island in September 1956, several comic monologues were delivered by a number of parents for the entertainment of the children. One of these, recited by Mr. Whitney Tower, then racing editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, was so astonishingly close to the truth that the candidate has asked and received Mr. Tower's permission to quote it in full:

"Well, here we are in the year 2000, and a look back over the years shows at a pretty quick glance just what progress has been made. Remember, children, how in 1956 there was all that



clamor for improved conditions and facilities at the major tracks? The expression 'dream track' was overworked. Today every track is a dream track by 1956 standards. Soft cushioned seats to accommodate 100,000 are the rule at major tracks rather than the exception. Our solid Thermopane glass walls fronting on the track assure clear visibility and, of course, our weather is controlled completely within this glass casing, so that not many of us can remember how our forefathers in 1956 occasionally returned from the races not only soaked but also soaking wet. If we want to stand outside, of course we can because over our heads throughout the entire park is another sheet of protective glass. Remember the term 'mudder'? It's almost out of use now, naturally, because when our track surfaces become rain-soaked all that track management has to do is to summon the 'drying truck.'

"Naturally, we are operating on a bigger scale than was ever dreamed of in 1956. In that year there were about 35 races during the entire year worth

continued on next page



⁴ The candidate paid a visit to Stillman's Gym as part of his research. The gym has not been registered (in Mr. Kane predicted), but J. Stillman Barkholder, the present proprietor, said a paint job is definitely "in the water" for sometime next summer.

AGE OF SPORT

continued from page 25

more than \$194,000 each. As a matter of fact, when you come to think of it that wasn't too bad when you consider that the first race worth \$100,000-added ever run in the United States was in 1935 at a track known as Santa Anita (rebuilt in 1970 and renamed Strub Park). The enormous prosperity that racing has enjoyed during the last 50 years makes it possible for us to stage races worth \$500,000 almost twice a week, and the Triple Crown events at \$1 million each make it difficult for us to imagine that it took a great horse like Citation 45 starts to earn a million dollars.

"Basically, our races today haven't changed too much since 1956. The big difference around the stable areas is that in 1956 horses ate lots of oats and hay and today we seem to have proved without much doubt that concentrated kelp capsules and other nutritious pills seem to make horses not only healthier and sounder but also faster. Remember how the mile record of 1:33 1/5 set by Swaps in 1955 stood up for so long—10 years, wasn't it? Well, now a lot of ordinary horses running in \$40,000 claiming races click off at 1:32 with no trouble at all.

"Trainers in the old days, men like Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Max Baer, Ben Jones and John Gaver, held to a theory that a horse had to have quite a bit of rest—no much as a week, for instance, between races. Of course, we know today how wrong they were, and to illustrate the point one has only to go back to the 1958 season when the filly Saturn (down on her first invasion of Earth from the planet of the same name) stopped off at Mars on a Tuesday, competed at Melbourne on Thursday, Paris Sunday and then made it on to Chillicothe, Ohio for the Wood Pulp Derby the next day. In view of the fact that Saturn had six legs instead of the usual four, of course her records didn't count. [Laughter, whistling, etc.] As a matter of fact, her trip was more in the nature of a publicity stunt by the Ford Rocket Ship Co. than anything else." [Scattered laughter.] This is only mentioned to illustrate how our air travel has progressed since 1956. Not only do horses get around at supersonic speeds, but so do their owners, trainers and even the

fans. It's nothing nowadays to see 1,000 people lining up on a cold December day in New York to catch the California Racing Jet Special for the 90-minute flight to the coast—and get back in time for dinner. Yes, children, it looks like racing is here to stay. [Laughter, applause.]

FOOTBALL AND PROBALL: The story of college football and its eventual division into amateur and professional leagues could fill a fat volume. Perhaps Mr. Frank Leahy Joyce (who made the historic proposal in 1977 that the players of the big-time teams not be permitted to attend college at all) would be entitled to a volume all his own. The prompt adoption of the Joyce Plan led, as is well known, to the coining of the name "proball" to describe the big-time game (which of course replaced the old professional leagues almost at once), with "football" being retained by the amateurs



—actual students—who played (and still play) the old-fashioned game.

In one of his "year-end reviews," written after preball took hold in the U.S., Alfred Wright, an associate editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATION*, wrote that "some people were shocked when Yale and Harvard, which had been so beligerent about 'purity' in athletics, took the lead in preball, but a look at the history of these two universities showed that they had been pioneers in many of the most radical academic departures throughout their histories. And neither of them had been doing very well in intercollegiate football for some years."

Mr. Wright continued: "For a while Yale and Harvard dominated preball as they had the early years of football, but one by one the great state universities followed suit until there were 19 large regional preball leagues. However, intercollegiate preball became

much more common, since the top teams played twice a week—what with the players no longer burdened with scholastic problems, and coast-to-coast transportation a matter of only a couple of hours.

"As a typical preball game commences, the substitutes climb into their electrical thermosuits, which massage their muscles and keep them limber on the sidelines. The starting players put on their helmets with built-in radio receivers from which they receive their instructions from the coaches located in towers high above the playing field.

"Preball is a relatively high-scoring game. For those who have not kept up with recent history it should be pointed out that preball scoring is on a much different basis from old-fashioned football. The old touchdowns is still worth six points and the field goal three points, but there are two additional ways to score. A touchdown scored on a run—one of the rarest maneuvers to be seen in the game—counts 10, and each first down by running counts two points and by passing one point. Since everyone on the team is eligible to receive passes, a planned running play is extremely rare—in fact, you almost never see a run from scrimmage except when the passer can find no receivers. However, some teams with exceptionally fast men will purposely down the ball on the one-yard line when a man is on his way to a score from a pass and hope to put it across on a running play for 10 points instead of the six they would have had otherwise.

"Also, the fact that the players are in shorts and wear virtually no protection other than the helmets (which are primarily for the radio receivers they contain) and very light shoulder pads may stand some explanation. The preball player of today is much bigger (quarterbacks average 240 pounds) and not nearly as vulnerable to injury as he used to be since the rules committee outlawed all but shoulder, or brush, blocking. In other words, the body contact is not much greater than it was in Rugby, the daddy of the game. This has reduced the dangers of the kickoff; as for the punt, another dangerous play in the old days, one rarely sees it now. When a team reaches fourth down it invariably place-kicks for three points, since every decent team has a kicker who can make nine out of 10 such kicks from any part of the field.

"At the conclusion of every preball game, most of the crowd (usually 330,000) and the big-name sportswriters

continued on page 28

² In this one detail Mr. Tower was quite wrong. As we know, horses imported from other planets have only four legs. And they are never ridden, since they cannot be fitted into our starting gates because of the two heads.

Refresh
without filling
Have a Pepsi



Sure, they enjoy life, these modern people. Their good looks and slender figures are a pleasure to each other—and to everyone around them.

Active men and women of '36 keep slim and fit through their sensible eating habits. Their up-to-date taste is for the lighter, less filling foods and drink. Today's Pepsi-Cola goes right along with this wholesome trend in diet. Refreshed in cakiness, never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi—the modern, the light refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola
The Light refreshment

GIRLS IN WOLVES' CLOTHING

News in campus fashions comes in twos for fall, as girl collegians not only follow male fashions but catch up

THE collegiate practice of "borrowing from the boys" has come a long way since the first pair of blue jeans was sniped. It no longer takes the girls a year or two to catch up. What is designed for the boys is designed for the girls, and this year's college fashions will look startlingly alike for both sexes.

Strongest partners in the bilateral fashion lineup are sports clothes—the rugged outerwear that stands up to the outdoor life of campus. Both boys and girls will have a new variety of short all-weather coats to team with pants that seem to be longer and leaner.

Both will have a wonderful new variety of sports jackets—Norfolk types to wear with knickers; dressed-up blue flannel blazers; bold check tweeds; such practical novelties as washable leathers and cotton carpeting for the girls.

Both will have Bermuda shorts, new in corduroy, coveralls and twills. Both will be wearing bulkier sweaters, and for both there is a strong new interest in heavy knit cardigans.

For a preview of the fashions that will go two by two onto campuses this fall, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** went to co-educational Swarthmore in Pennsylvania and these photographed young collegians looking alike.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

SILHOUETTED in winter-weight, toppers, long pants are: Dave Gordin, fleece coat (B. W. Harris, \$45); Try Wilson, poplin jacket (McGehee, \$28); Ann Pansa, tweed knicker suit (John Weiss for AMCO, \$36); Alan Robinson, corduroy jacket (Barnes, \$30); Pat Bridges, tweed jacket (Bernie Raincoat, \$25); Vern McCabe, tangle jacket (Lustberg-Neri, \$36), six-foot scarf (Chen, \$3).





BULKY CARDIGANS are candidates to replace the old-unsaid tie. Stephanie Moss and Bob Barr wear their stripes in bulky sport.

Olivia Pease, \$48 each. \$9.95 each. Bermudas are also striped. Sundry, \$10. College-like crew socks repeat the sweater stripes.

LEATHERHOSEN are worn with Tyrolean skirt (Greta Platter, \$50) by Marilyn Mortensen, who talks to tennis champion Larry Shaw.



CARPET BAG cardigan (\$30), patchel (\$25) and whipcord shorts (\$11, all Gann of Michigan) are worn by Olivia Pease.



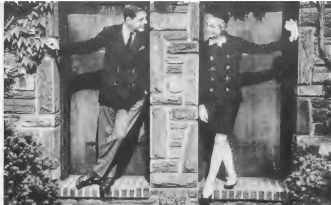


"BABY INVERNESS" raincoat is cut short to look well with long pants or Bermuda shorts (Perry Squires for Modest, \$30). Anne Christian carries umbrella with Kleenex panel (Stokert, \$12.50).



WEEKEND COATS are casual in length and fabric. Bob Barr wears a 48-inch camel's-hair coat (B. W. Harris, \$60); Ray Walsh a district cloth British tweed balzacian (Louis Goldenrith, \$28).





DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZERS in men's (shown with brass buttons are one of fall's notable novelties). Ray Walsh wears his Brooks Bros., \$32.50, with red-striped flannel slacks (Gardner,

\$19.55). Pat Bryden shows over-the-knee, eight-button blazer (\$33), mid-length, ribbed shorts (\$14), colored henric shirt (\$38) and Etillesby cap, \$15.50, all at Post Square for Men's.



CAPS ARE BACK on heads of college men after 20 years. This fall they're in plaids (Knox, \$5), checks (Knox, \$3.50) and weatherproof knits (J. R. Hunt, \$2). Newest campus hat fad is grouse helmet (Cavanaugh, \$10).

FALL'S OWN COLORS are reflected in lineup of Searchmore men's to left. New tweed jackets are in bold plaid (Southside, \$65), checks (Louis Goldsmith, \$45), levat stripes (Franklin, \$55), russet stripes (\$40), blazer stripes (Linett, \$45) and Norfolk-style jacket (\$49.00) and knickerbockers (\$28, both Chester Laurie). Knickerbockers are not the only trouser news. Odd slacks in whipcords, flannels and tweeds are in lighter tones and worn without cuffs. Reverse-calf desert boots and moccasins are biggest shoe news on the '36 campus.



BUCKED SWEATER of unsecured white wool (\$30) has classic Shaker collar. It's worn with tan whipcord tapered pants of blend of Arilan and cotton (\$24, both Glen of Michigan).



Championship

GOLF SHIRT

by **Revere**

*always in winning form,
it's made of softest*

MAZET®

This is the Mazet 100% Orlon® shirt that wins the trophy for its handsome performance time after time. You'll appreciate its greater softness and comfort on the fairway. Revere styles it with an eye to second looks in the clubhouse. See the smart accent on the collar. Machine-washable. Mothproof, too. Small, Medium, Large, Extra-Large. About \$9.00.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for
women golfers

from BETTY HAMBLE, Country Club of Spartanburg, S.C.

An exceedingly high percentage of the women who play golf are slicers. They slice chiefly because they bring the club back with an incorrect shoulder turn. As they near the top of the backswing, instead of continuing to swing the club back and to turn the shoulders easily, they have a tendency to push their shoulders and arms up. Then, before they have completed the backswing, they start the downswing. Not only is their timing thrown off, but starting the club down from a position at the top where it points to the left side of the fairway is the invariable prelude to coming into the ball from the outside and cutting across it—slicing.

At the top of the backswing, the club, ideally, should be directly parallel to your intended line of flight, pointing, as it were, right at the target. If you have made a sufficient turn, your shoulders will be square. One excess, of course, is as bad as the other, and I would caution you about over-turning the shoulders. This places the club in a position at the top where it is pointing to the right side of the fairway. A hooked shot generally results, for if you over-turn going back, you have to over-turn to get back to the ball.



NEXT WEEK: JOE LA MACHIA ON THE RIGHT-HAND GRIP

BOATING TODAY AND TOMORROW

by EZRA BOWEN



In the composite drawing above, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is looking at the boat of the future. The boat itself is a Bell Boy plastic runabout, convertible into a fishing craft or family cruiser. The metal vanes are hydrofoils, made by Atlantic Hydrofin Corp., which hike the hull out of the water, increasing its speed by 50%. The engine is a futuristic water jet outboard. Turn page for more on plastic boats and drawings of the outboards of the future

BUILDING BOOM FOR FIBER GLASS

THREE BRIGHTLY COLORED boats at right and on the following pages are doing more to change the yacht-building industry than anything since the introduction of the gasoline engine. Every one of the models shown—each selected as representative of the types that have taken over 15% of the U.S. boating market in 10 short years—is made of fiber glass-reinforced plastic, probably the most promising material ever conceived for the building of small boats.

The basic components are fiber glass cloth, or matting, and a gooey plastic called polyester resin, which, when combined, will harden into a compound that is lighter than aluminum, tougher than steel and easy for a skilled worker to set into a mold of almost any imaginable shape. Hull curves like those on the Lone Star Meteor (see page 67), which would have been difficult if not impossible with wood, can be turned out in fiber glass plastic in a matter of minutes. Hull strength is barely believable. A small plastic wherry the Bellingham Shipyards Co. left in the water all winter, hanging against tidal rocks, was pulled out whole and sound in the spring. Besides these impressive virtues, a boat made from fiber glass and polyester will not do any of the following things that all steel or wooden boats must do eventually: rot, corrode, rust, dry out, give way to marine borers like teredos, absorb any amount of water, or just generally get old from exposure to weather. Furthermore, unlike a wooden boat, a fiber glass plastic boat need not be soaked every spring until the seams close. Nor need it be caulked or extensively painted.

Polyester, which was born out of World War II as a shatter-proof liner for self-sealing airplane gas tanks, made its yachting debut in 1946. That year the Winner Manufacturing Company of West Trenton, N.J. introduced the first plastic boat ever shown at the

New York Boat Show, a 10-foot dinghy made from polyester reinforced by sisal fibers. It was not terribly successful. After a few months in the water the sisal, even though surrounded by protective resin, absorbed enough moisture to start a vegetable rot. Besides, people were used to wooden boats and plastic revolted their sense of tradition.

Then two research developments sent the industry on its way. Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation marketed the first fiber glass matting, a rot-proof pad of random fibers which provided the structural thickness Winner had tried to get from sisal. At the same time Pittsburgh Plate Glass came out with a polyester that set at room temperatures under atmospheric pressure, thus doing away with the expensive metal molds the early experimental boats had required.

With these ingredients in hand almost anybody could make a plastic boat, and almost everybody did. Hundreds of one-man companies popped up around the country, making molded boats out of matting, or covering wooden boats with a layer or two of cloth. A lot of the boats they turned out were incredibly bad. Some of them were so poorly designed and had so little glass reinforcing that the hull flexed in and out like the sides of a cracker tin. Some builders tried to strengthen their hulls by extra laminations, but laminated one weak spot right on top of another. Others built boats with inadequate flotation compartments. Fiber glass plastic has a density of 1.45, and a swamped boat sinks like a rock unless it has plenty of styrofoam or wood built into it.

None of this did anything to promote fiber glass. Nor did the trumpeting of overenthusiastic promoters who claimed their material would not burn (it will), need no paint (impregnated colors fade in the

best realized on page 67



FIBER GLASS REBEL is 16-foot racing sloop. Clam, started in 1963, markets more than 700 boats. Cost with sails is \$1,500.

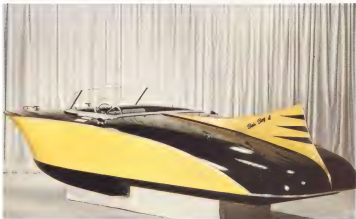


EXPRESS CRUISER made by Bell Boy division of Hockingham Shipyards, Washington, measures 18 feet, has head, sink and two

seats. Express takes inboard or outboard power. Outboard price without motor: \$2,395. Inboard: \$4,900 to \$4,300 with motor.

BELL BOY BIKINI, shown below for the first time anywhere, will be marketed in November. Bikini, is cost between \$5,800

and \$8,000, was designed by Hydro Racer Ted Jones as a super family runabout that gives safe ride at speeds up to 100 mph.





GLASSPAR KAYAK carries two, measures 11 feet and is designed for either lake cruising or river running. Kayak costs \$225.



HALDEA RUNABOUT by Glasspar, Santa Ana, Calif. is 12 feet long, holds four, takes 25-hp outboard. Cost: \$435 with windshield.

VIKING RUNABOUT built by the Winner Mfg. Co., Trenton, N.J. carries price tag of \$945 with windshield and wheel steering.

Viking, 15 feet over all, is two feet longer than the average runabout, handles six passengers and takes outboard up to 55 hp.



BOATING

Art continued from page 82

sun and oil boats can use a good coat of anti-fading paint to keep off the barnacles, or that any amateur could make a boat from it (an all-plastic hull is a job for real professionals). That was the situation as late as 1953, when the total U.S. market was less than 5,000 boats and only the five biggest companies turned out more than 250 boats apiece.

Gradually, however, the inherent excellence of the product provided its own leverage to force the market. In 1955, 8,000 solid plastic hulls were sold, with enough additional cloth and plastic for do-it-yourselfers to cover twice that many wooden boats. The substandard builders slowly began to die off, and the reputable ones learned to dress up their boats with enough mahogany to satisfy the staunchest traditionalists.

In 1954 fiber glass arrived. Sixteen thousand boats were built and bought. In 1955, 30,000 boats. By December of this year, 12 months' sales will have reached 40,000, with an additional existing total of 200,000 wooden boats with fiber glass skins.

A typical example of the booming young builders is the Bell Boy division of Bellingham Shipyards. Three years ago Bellingham wasn't even in the fiber glass boat business. Last winter at the Seattle Boat Show their Bell Boy boats set a sales record of \$236,000 off the floor, the company's entire productive capacity until May for all nine of their models. The other leading concerns like Glaspar (tops in the nation with over 3,000 hulls per year), Winard (\$2,000), Lone Star, Winner and Crosby Aero-Marine are experiencing the same exciting growth.

So far, structural problems and a tendency of polyester to fatigue at points of stress have limited mass production to craft of about 24 feet and under. But bigger vessels like the 42-foot ketch *Arpege* or the Plitzer Boat Co.'s 55-foot twin diesel cruiser are being built, and some grandiose plans are in the works. An official from the Navy's Bureau of Ships has said that the department is ready to spend up to \$14 million on plastic boats in an effort to cut the \$25 million lost each year on rot and corrosion in wood and steel boats. And last month in Los Angeles, Zenith Plastics Co. launched the first of a fleet of 25 38-foot plastic landing craft for the Navy. The Coast Guard is currently testing three plastic versions of its 49-foot patrol boat.

In the civilian market, with a good slice of the motor-boat field already in hand, the plastics people are moving into sailboats. Classes like the Rebel, built exclusively of fiber glass plastic, have reached the seven hundreds after only three years of production; and many older classes—Comets, Snipes, Moths, Ravens—have authorized its use in standard or experimental models. This spring even the dignified old Atlantic Class, long closed to anything but its existing 100 wooden boats built 27 years ago in Germany, threw itself open to fiber glass.

With advancing research and the gradual elimination of substandard builders, the future of the fiber glass boat appears unlimited. It would be ridiculous to say that some day all small craft will be made from fiber glass, but it is perfectly accurate to say, as Winner's President I. M. Scott did not long ago: "Here's a material that's perfect for boats. As a matter of fact, I'd say that fiber glass is better for boats than it is for anything else; and it's better for boats than any other material."

(ENR)



AVALON CONVERTIBLE by Glaspar has removable canvas top. Boat measures 16 feet, holds up to five passengers. Cost: \$1,215.



UTILITY RENABOUT built by Winard Boat Co. Costa Mesa, Calif., is 14 feet long, used mostly for fishing. Price is \$415-666.



LONE STAR METEOR is most radical of current plastic boats, features wrap-type headlights, twin tail fin in rear. Cost: \$1,690.

TURN PAGE FOR EXCLUSIVE DRAWINGS OF THE OUTBOARDS OF THE FUTURE

OUTBOARDS OF THE FUTURE



WATER JET

Rebreasting engines in streamlined housings on either side of motor head drive pumps that suck water through intake slots at front of vertical ducts, then discharge it at high speed through underwater jet nozzles. Pressure-operated speed indicator is mounted on top of the motor above control levers.

In the middle of the nation's biggest, busiest outboard season, with manufacturers racing to meet public demand for more and faster engines, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** asked Brooks Stevens, noted designer and architect of the popular Evinrude Lark and Johnson Javelin, to take an

authoritative look into the outboarding future. Stevens' designs of tomorrow, shown for the first time on these pages, reveal some startling possibilities, a few of them perhaps 40 or 50 years from realization, many less than 10 years away. Turn the page for more future outboards.



TURBOPROP

Gas turbine similar to jet plane motor drives twin propellers that allow boat to be maneuvered like two-engine inboard cruiser. Air drawn in through slots around speed indicator mixes with gas vapor. Mixture explodes and thrusts against metal vane which turns drive shaft. Exhaust gives added push.

OUTBOARDS OF THE FUTURE

Production of the Brooks Stevens ideas and those on the opposite page done by Designer Charles Clark for Scott-Atreator will be delayed until manufacturing costs of heat-resistant high-alloy steel can be brought down. Other complex problems, such as scaling down the hefty gas

turbines of today, must be solved, and the consumer market has to be prepared for the radical change from present designs. Within these limits, however, even the 100-mph racing jet below and the sun-powered unit opposite may appear on the outboard boats of tomorrow.



TURBOJET

Double turbines throw exhaust gases to rear, forcing engine ahead at possible speeds of 100 mph or better. Boat is steered by twin rudders fashioned in shape of inverted V to function effectively on banked turns. Adjustable horizontal plate above the rudders counteracts tendency of a fast moving boat to take off from the surface of the water.



WHEEL STEERING

This will probably be first of future outboards to appear on the market, is designed to push heavy-duty work boats with two-cylinder, 50-hp. radial engine. Rugged auto-type steering wheel turns lower and without affecting stationary bow. Camber-rotating propellers absorb rure torque common to present day single-prop motors.

UNDERWATER COOLING

Engine for turboprop is encased in underwater tube, simplifying problem of cooling hot gasoline turbine. Position of motor keeps center of gravity low, acts as stabilizing factor for small boats. Engineers have already built experimental turboprop for Super Blower, but refinements and retooling may delay production 10 to 20 years.



SUN POWERING

Solar battery that gets power from sun's rays concentrated in polished reflector mounted on top of the engine is most radical of futuristic ideas. Battery drives noiseless electric motor housed below the waterline between camber-rotating propellers. Capacity of battery is sufficient to keep the engine running on cloudy or rainy days.

OLD NED MOVES TO THE LOCKER ROOM

Happy Knoll's called bartender helps the trouble
along when soggy-towel wets contend with the drys

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

Letter to Mr. Albert Magill, president emeritus of the Happy Knoll Country Club, from Mr. Roger Hartick, member of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club.

Dear Albert:

I have never known a golf season at the Happy Knoll Country Club when there have not been a number of complaints lodged before the Board of Governors regarding conditions in the Men's Locker Room, which, I would say, are more social than physical. Unfortunately, the usual groups and juntas seem to be more at daggers-drawn than usual, and consequently it may be necessary to issue and enforce new regulations.

There are, as always, the drinking and the nondrinking groups, or, if you wish to put it another way, the shower-and-change and the simple shoe-changing cliques. You would think that the shoe-changers, who pay as much for their lockers and who simply sit in front of them and take their spiked shoes on and off as rapidly as possible and retire to the Men's Bar where they can discuss their golfing dittoes in comparative comfort, would not be a source of trouble. Old Tim, who, I must say, is getting forgetful and seems even worse this year than last, has only to take the shoe-changers' shoes, clean them and place them beneath their lockers. Then his work is done. If the shoes are mixed

up—for instance, as occasionally happens, one of Mr. Bentley's crepe shoes is found beside Mr. Robinson's spike shoe in Mr. Lockhart's locker and both of them are left—you can count on a feeling of good fellowship and cooperation deriving from a genuine affection for Old Tim to straighten things out. Up to now this has all ended with a good-natured joshing of Old Tim, which Tim has grown to depend upon and enjoy, but the shoe-changers are making genuine trouble this year at Happy Knoll. Furthermore, it seems that the shower-and-change group has also been growing more aggressive. The locker benches are becoming more and more filled with moist towels, moist undergarments and loose ice cubes so that shoe-changers find it difficult to remove their footwear. We had hoped, as you will remember, that the generous gift to the locker room of H. S. Fosbrooke of an attractive alcove fitted with dark oak dressing stalls, officially known as the Fosbrooke Alcove, and now called, I regret to say, Fosbrooke Beudeir, would obviate this difficulty. The shoe-changers, we had reason to hope, would all use the Fosbrooke Alcove, which is much nearer the Men's Bar, and would thus be separated from the more voracious showerers. It has not worked out this way. It seems that the shoe-changers prefer benches in front of their lockers, as always. They insist that they are paying a high price for the use of these and several have



"I SAID A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE ON ICE

insisted that the showerers and dressers use the Fosbrooke Alcove and that a table be placed there with ice and setups. It would be no trouble, this element says, for the showerers to bring their bottles and flasks to the table, no matter what their nudity.

Superficially, this would seem like a worthwhile suggestion, and it has al-



LABEL THAT HAS BEEN DROPPED IN THE CORRIDOR BY OLD NED. THIS ONLY CAUSED OUR CLUB MEMBERS' MERRIMENT INSTEAD OF EMBARRASSMENT.

ways been my opinion that the bringing of private battles into the locker room should be discouraged, since this practice cuts into the bar receipts, but there has been great objection to this move. It seems that most of the opposition centers around Old Ned, who, you know, has been removed from the Men's Bar to the locker room this sea-

son. It gives Ned great happiness to circulate with trays of ice and soda, this being an activity which keeps him in touch simultaneously with his old friends in the bar and with his new friends near the showers, and there is no doubt that Old Ned is once more beginning to make himself indispensable. In an older day, when only

glasses were available, the Foshrocks contingent might have moved into the alcove, but with the two newly installed water coolers, this action is no longer necessary because it is always possible, even if Old Ned forgot the ice and setups, as he very often does, to bring a flask or bottle to the water

continued on next page

HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 22

cooler and use paper cups. Also, Mr. Benjamin Carrow, who, as you know, has been a locker room habitué for many years, is against all change. He is, if I may use the word, a ringleader of the shaver-and-change group, just as Mr. James A. Mosser is organizing the shoe-changers. Recently both these members of Happy Knoll have written communications to the Board of Governors, which throws this controversy into focus, and I am sending you copies for your information and guidance.

Sincerely,

ROCKY HORLICK

Letter from Mr. James A. Mosser to the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club.

Gentlemen:

By way of introduction I beg to state that for the last 22 years I have been both an active and an appreciative member of the Happy Knoll Country Club. This longish period of membership dates from my first arrival in this community, when I purchased for Mrs. Mosser, then but recently a bride, our present home on Wedgewood Lane directly after I had been made a junior partner in the New York law firm of Caulkins, Bryan and Russell, of which these now seem a prospect that I may become a senior partner if I can keep my health and memory together for another decade. It was for this purpose that I first joined the Happy Knoll Country Club and why, in spite of certain difficulties and grievances, I have persisted, often against Mrs. Mosser's advice, in retaining my membership. I have always been a believer in that old motto—and I believe my Latin is correct—*mens sana in corpore sano*. After the daily exigencies of a law firm in downtown New York, I have found that relaxation is necessary. Due to our northern climate and due to the fact that Mrs. Mosser does not enjoy a winter golfing vacation, bridge is my hobby until the grass grows green upon the course at Happy Knoll. When this fortunate event arrives, Mrs. Mosser notwithstanding, I am able to counter-balance cares of the office by resorting to the still greater worries of golf.

Frankly, in spite of the tutorial money which I have paid to our professional, Mr. Muldoon, I cannot see that my game has improved perceptibly over the decades; but this, honestly, is not the point. The point is that I still hope it may improve and

therefore I play at the Happy Knoll Country Club on two weekday afternoons and on Saturday and Sunday mornings invariably, whether Mrs. Mosser may approve of it or not. For 22 years I have rented locker No. 67, which stands nearest the aisle of Alocve C. I have never dominated this area. I have made but little noise. I have watched the personnel around me undergo considerable change. I am sorry to say that in recent years the change is growing more rapid and is declining toward the worse.

Each year more members appear to consider the alcoves between the steel lockers not as a dressing space, for which they were intended, but rather as informal lounging rooms in which they can sit indefinitely in semidraped condition, retelling loud anecdotes of their last 18 holes or settling the interminable details of their complicated gambling debts. This tendency has immeasurably increased since Old Ned has been moved to the locker room from the bar to assist Tim. I do not mean to imply that Tim does not need assistance. On the contrary, the increasing noise in the locker room throws him into a state of greater, if possible, than usual confusion; but the addition of Ned only makes confusion worse confounded because both Ned and Tim are so naturally gregarious that they often join in the conversation. The latter is easy, for, though I have never fallen a victim to the charm of these two amiable and incompetent employees, they are individually popular among the more heavy drinking groups.

I am the last person, I hope, to object to conviviality, but I do object to sodas both towels, to paper cups and odd shoes and garments being strewn everywhere for weeks on end. During this season I have never seen Old Tim once pick up any of these articles. Indeed, the only time I have seen him bend over was to grab for an abandoned 50¢ piece, and to my amazement his reflexes were quicker than those of Old Ned. It may be that my instinctive liking for order makes me somewhat of a "stickler," but still I should be glad to put up with everything except for the occasions when I cannot get to my locker or open it because of the large number of moist individuals who fell in front of it and who seem to resent my intrusion.

I shall not name names or criticize any one member of Happy Knoll, but I will say this—that the sight of a middle-aged Happy Knoll member in the nude grows less aesthetic to me year by year. Balanced diet, I am convinced,

does not interest many. At any rate, their physical bulk is continually between me and my shoes when I am able to find the latter. There used to be a time when persons would hear if I said "excuse me," but now under the ministrations of Old Ned they are too preoccupied to hear or move in any direction. In fact, I frequently feel as though I were among bodies falling into hell as depicted on the bas-reliefs of a medieval cathedral. Is this sort of thing sport, gentlemen?

The question, I admit, is purely rhetorical. I have been told again and again that if I don't want a shower bath and a drink I should change my shoes in the Fostebrook Alcove, but how am I to do so? Would Old Tim ever find my shoes if I left them there? The answer is, he would not. The only way to keep clothing and equipment safe at Happy Knoll is to put them firmly under lock and key, as are mine in locker 67. I am sorry to spoil the fun in front of locker 67, but I must get to it sometimes, and it is not my fault that a certain Happy Knoll member collided with my key while it was in the lock and scratched his torso severely while demonstrating the fellow-through he made on the difficult 19th. If there has been any complaint to the Board of Governors regarding this incident, I too must complain that there are other danger factors in the locker room besides keys. Only yesterday, when arriving from the links, I stepped upon a number of ice cubes that had been accidentally dropped in the corridor by Old Ned. These became impaled upon my golfing spikes so that I slid a considerable distance, finally lost my balance and fell. This accident only caused our club nudists merriment instead of concern. In fact, Old Ned was too convulsed to be able to help me up.

This letter, gentlemen, is not a complaint; rather it is an invitation. Why does not your committee drop into the locker room at 6 o'clock some afternoon and hear some poorly told off-color stories, see some horrible physiques and slip on some ice yourselves? If you did, perhaps you would agree with me that any change would be for the better.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES A. MOSSER

Letter from Mr. Benjamin Carrow to the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club.

Gentlemen:

I do not like to indulge in personalities, especially as concerns members

of so fine a country club as Happy Knoll, but maybe in this case I should, since I understand that Mr. James A. Mosser, who rents locker 67 in good old Alcove C, is writing you a complaint about what he calls "disorders" in the locker room. It gives me pleasure to state that neither I nor any of the gang have anything against this Mosser character personally—only he is a funny, skinny old guy, like so many of those lawyers who argue over income taxes and never have any clean fun and lose all their sense of humor, if they were ever born with any. None of the gang has anything against him; we are only sorry he doesn't want to fit in with the group, and, believe me, we have one of the sweetest crowds in the locker room this summer that you gentlemen have ever seen—a whole lot too swell for any sorehead to go and ruin. Come to think of it, I have a right to be just

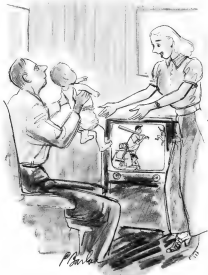
as sore at Mosser as Mosser is at any of the gang. I ripped myself clean across the back last week because he left his key jutting out of his locker in Alcove C. Nevertheless, I don't complain. *C'est la guerre* has always been my motto, if you will excuse my French. Neither I nor any of the gang has any gripes about Mosser. He is the one who is public griper No. 1, and his reason seems to me mighty trivial. Frankly, gentlemen, all it was, he stepped with his spiked shoes on some ice cubes that had fallen in the alley outside of Alcove C and then did just a simple peatfall.

It may have been the fault of our crowd that we laughed, as did Old Ned and Old Tim who were present at the time, hawling a few bourbon on the rocks. But what were we to do instead? Cry? And who can avoid laughing at these things? Remember the old vaude-

ville days? I still think a good bump on the rear furnishes the best sure-fire entertainment in the world. Anyway, he did not hurt himself, or if he did, it is only because he ate too much wheat germ and too much saccharin in his coffee and nothing else. Anyway, as he intimated, the ice cubes were definitely not put there for him to step upon on purpose. The locker room gang may play jokes like that on ourselves, but never on outsiders. Why, frequently ice cubes get slithering around the locker room by accident, and twice on leaving the showers to get back to the bourbon in good old Alcove C, I have stepped on them myself, barfcock. And in this connection, let me tell you just for the laugh the good line Old Ned got off the last time I did so. He said it isn't everybody who is able to slide on ice in summer. Honestly, gentlemen, you cannot beat Old Ned. He is a jewel, and all the gang would be glad to die for him. You never did a wiser thing than move him from the bar where his talents were wasted, serving the quarrelsome stuffed shirts who seem to congregate in that place.

Anyway, this letter is not intended only to explain that you mustn't mind anything that Mosser says about what he calls "conditions" in the locker room. This epistle also comes from the whole gang to convey to you gentlemen our congratulations. The Happy Knoll locker room is, in my opinion, the finest locker room I have ever seen anywhere and I've seen plenty in my day, beginning at Princeton where I used to do the 108-yard dash (I've put on weight since then). There is, in my opinion, a real philosophy behind locker rooms and you gentlemen have had the wisdom to catch it. There aren't many places left in this tough world where a gang can get together with a little tawdery toweling around its middle and relax and indulge in a good old gab fest. Well, we've got it here at Happy Knoll, and those two old princes, Ned and Tim, give just the right atmosphere. Get out of a hot shower and Ned always has the bourbon ready and it's like college days again. I'm 50 years young now every time I play a round of golf. Gentlemen, don't change anything in the locker room, and with my congratulations I want to offer you an invitation. Come down and join us sometime around fiveish, sixish or even sevenish and we'll show you what a good time really is. It's about time we had a testimonial party for the Board of Governors.

Very respectfully yours,
BEN CARROW



"There! Now he can always say he saw Mickey Mantle."

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Larry Jansen, 36-year-old right-hander who won 23 games for Glatts in 1951, returned from season-and-a-half stint with Seattle Rainiers, pitched Chalmers to 8-1 victory over Braves in first start. Admitted Jansen: "It wasn't easy."



Gertrude Ederle, 48, first woman to swim the English Channel, marked the 36th anniversary of her celebrated crossing by presenting trophy to winning jockey of six-furlong "Gertrude Ederle Pace" at Monmouth Park, N.J.

RECORD BREAKERS

Russian weight lifters proved standards of Moscow's massive Spartaklads with four world-record hoists: Featherweight **Eugene Misener**, 251.32 pounds, two-hands press; Lightweight **N. Vihabaidinov**, 271.17 pounds, two-hands press; Middleweight **Fedor Bogdanovskii**, 283.45 pounds, two-hands press; Light Heavyweight **Alexander Vorobyev**, 313.20 pounds, two-hands snatch (Aug. 8-9).

Georgi Klimov, 23-year-old Russian soldier, claimed new world mark for 50 kilometer walk, stepping off distance in 4:55:22 at Moscow (Aug. 10).

Belgian track team of Emile Lena, Alfred Langens, Rene Bulckaen and 800-meter World Record Holder Roger Moens bettered world standard for uncommon 2,200-meter relay by fall 10 seconds with 7:55.8 clocking at Brussels (Aug. 8).

U.S. Swimmers set six American long-course marks at Detroit's Olympic trials: **Shelley Mann**, Walter Reed SC, Washington, D.C.—1:36.6, 100-meter freestyle; **Mary Jane Sears**, Walter Reed SC—2:38.2, 200-meter breaststroke; **Sylvia Huska**, Berkeley, Calif. YMCA—5:54, 400-meter freestyle; **Bill Torry**, Northampton, Mass.—2:19, 200-meter butterfly; **Dick Fodges**, N.C. State—2:46, 200-meter breaststroke; **Carl Cone**, Ridgewood, N.J.—1:44.4, 100-meter backstroke (see page 73).

BASEBALL

Ted Williams, Fenway Park's starflyer

splintered system, was fined \$5,000 by Red Sox General Manager Joe Cronin for ignoring in direction of both fans and newspapermen during game with New York. Incident, latest of Ted's apocryphal antics (see page 76), provoked 10th by congressional Massachusetts legislator prohibiting profane statements directed at ballpark.

Yankees, saved by Mandle's big bat (4 homers, 11 RBIs), regulated winning ways, taking 14 of eight games to increase lead over Cleveland to 8½. Indians, after relinquishing second place to Boston for two days, swept three-game series from Kansas City, retained game-and-a-half advantage over Red Sox.

Milwaukee's National League lead was shaved to one-and-a-half games over runner-up Brooklyn, but, more importantly, Braves dropped two games in lost-sophomore to Dodgers. Cincinnati, with a 4 and 3 record, held on to third place. Two streaks were snapped during week: Aaron's consecutive-game-hitting skin ended at 23; Newcombe's consecutive innings string at 32 2/3, 6 2/3 innings less than Hubbell's league mark. Stan Musial tied Mel Ott's league record for lifetime total extra-base hits, leaving double against Cubs to bring total to 1,871.

HORSE RACING

King Halran, Florida-bred 2-year-old, boosted chances for juvenile championship as jockey **Eddie Areano** rescued him sharply in stretch drive for half-length victory over scurrying Ben Leonard in Monmouth's

closing-day six-furlong, \$62,866 Sapling Stakes. Win was colt's eighth in 11 starts.

Hedley Woodhouse, whooping and whipling, sent **Oh Johnny** through opening on rail at head of stretch after sailing bay colt smartly for year of odds and quivers at Saratoga, scored length-and-three-quarters win in 57th running of \$47,700 Travers, colt's sixth stakes.

Rhio Sparkler, Amory L. Haskel's 4-year-old Jersey-bred filly, stunned lead at clubhouse tote under substitute jockey **Sammy Bushnell** on Atlantic City's deep strip, responded courageously in late stretch when Skipper Bill made run at her to take inaugural \$100,000 Atlantic City Handicap by half length. Naevus, overnight favorite, was hid low with attack of gas role in stall and scribbled from race. After treatment and cooling walks around shed row, the big bay appeared to be on song, ready for next scheduled start in Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 21.

HARNESS RACING

The Jetraider, lightly-regarded field horse, who had earned only \$1,590 in his brief career, took last two of three heats, won \$100,804 Hawthornean at Good Time Park, Goshen, N.Y. (see page 78).

BOXING

Rory Culnan, seven-pounded teen pugilist against Charley (King) Cotton's weak right hands, cute tactics, wore veteran mid-weight rival down in final rounds of fight, gained split-decision verdict and

FOCUS ON THE DEED



PLUMMETING over Moscow's Tushka Abidov, Soviet parachutist falls free of airplane in third annual world championship, won by Czechoslovakia. Young United States team finished sixth.



SLIDING home after inside-the-park grand-slam home run at Polo Grounds had eluded Dusty Rhobos. Philly Brave Baseman Ted Kaczmarek receives hit-the-dirt signal from Eusebio Velez (15).



Ray Booty, 23-year-old Nottingham electronics engineer, pedaled furiously over odd, rainy British lanes for 100 miles in 3:28:28, became first man to cycle distance under four hours. Said Booty: "I don't like riding in rain."



Harry Shoemaker, Florida State senior from Signal Mountain, Tenn., shot 72-hole 265, best score for amateur golfer to win National Amateur of LPGA's champions by seven strokes at Hickory, N.C.



Clark King, 28-year-old Stanford University student representing Los Angeles harbor zoops fleet, skillfully skippered white-hulled Ghoul to victory in National Sloop championships at Long Beach, Calif. (See page 18).

His 22nd consecutive victory at New York, Ludwig Lightbore, busy British Honduran lightweight, covered nearly July 12 distance by touring Orlando Zulueta, Ryeida (The Mink) Walkman's caution Cuban, at Madison Square Garden.

FOOTBALL

Cleveland Browns, with veteran Lou Groza booting four field goals, turned back virtually offenseless College All-Stars, 26-0 at Chicago (see below).

TENNIS

Ham Richardson, seventh-ranked U.S. player, lost his service only once in downing Australia's left-handed Neale Fraser 6-3, 6-3, 6-2 to win Eastern Grass Court championship at South Orange, N.J. Richardson had defeated Aussie Ray Emmeron, Ken Rosewall and Ashley Cooper in earlier rounds. Aileen Gibson won women's singles, vanquishing Louise Brough 6-1, 6-3.

TRACK & FIELD

Derek Ibbotson, 23-year-old Royal Air Force private, agreed to enter mile run at London only after being promised additional post-race banquet ticket, loped along third until final lap when mysterious voice called out of crowd: "Go on, you can do four minutes easily." Going on, flying Yorkshireman Ibbotson thought: "I might as well be under four minutes as over," whirled last quarter in 37 seconds, became ninth to break four-minute barrier with 3:28.4 clocking.

GOLF

Ted Koehl, overcoming hard luck which saw him lose opportunities to win National Open and PGA earlier this year, put together final round 96 for 72-hole total of 313 15 under par—to take Tam O'Shanter "World Changer" tournament by three strokes on crowded \$1,000 (and \$100,000) prize. Victory earned 34-year-old veteran \$20,000 plus \$28,000 guarantee for exhibition matches. Other Tam winners: Marlene Bauer Hagge, women's pro, 290; Ward Wettlaufer, men's amateur, 290; Annie Richardson, women's amateur, 288.

AUTO RACING

Maurice Tréguier of France, and co-driver **Phil Hill**, Santa Monica, Calif., drove their Ferrari sports car over 421-mile Kristianstad course at 94.68 mph to win Swedish Grand Prix, edge Maserati for 1956 sports car world championship.

Norman Westfall, 34, of Rochester, seemed done Alcoa inline in his lavender racer to win 19th All-American Soap Box Derby before record crowd of 65,000.

MILEPOST

DIED **Al Jenkins**, 73, early-day auto racer (1926-1934), mayor of Salt Lake City (1939-1941); of heart attack, at Milwaukee. As recently as June, Jenkins set 24-hour endurance speed mark of 118.33 mph. His boast that he had held more land speed records than any other man (some 500) was never disputed.

FOR THE RECORD

AIR & SPACE

118 FLOCK, Atlanta, Road Runner 720-mile race, with 71-000 mph speed, at 1980 Mercury, United Lake, N.C.

BOATING

1000, skippered by Stanley P. Ryan, Northland Boat, 1000, 1000 miles, Lake Chapala, Mexico.

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STRAIGHT-ARMING Teevny James picks up yardage for Cleveland at expense of All-Star End Don Hollister in Chicago.



FAILING In attempt to swim Straits of San Juan de Fuca after almost 16 hours, weary Marilyn Bell is helped into her boat.



ABANDONING An falling pony Folly, Polo Player Stanley Woolaway falls unhurt during Cornell team's tour of Hawaii.

The Hambletonian was half over before Ned Bower

felt sure of his dark brown colt who was also a

VERY DARK HORSE

FOUR DAYS before the 114th trotting of the Hambletonian last week, a lean, earnest young man named Ned Bower was out on the track at Goshen, N.Y. for a mile workout behind his colt, The Intruder. At the half-mile mark, Bower glanced at his stop watch and noted that he had traveled the distance in one minute and seven seconds. It was then he decided to see just how fast the leggy, sparsely-muscled, 3-year-old could go. Under gentle urging (Bower has never used a whip on the colt) The Intruder reached out high and far and took off. He went that second half-mile in 53 seconds, which is about as fast as trotters ever go.

Back at the stables, Bower was feeling pretty good about his chances in the coming race. But he wasn't thinking about the Hambletonian. The Intruder was staked into the Seeger Memorial, which was to be raced the following day. Bower didn't believe it was worth paying the \$1,000 Hambletonian starting fee to compete with the cream of the country's 3-year-olds; the considerably slower Seeger field, he felt, was a stiff enough test for The Intruder.

Bower's boss and owner of the stable is Leonard J. Buck, a bluff, lively mining magnate from Far Hills, N.J., who backs his judgment of horses with as substantial a purse as can be found in harness racing. He and Bower debated the matter for a while until he, as bosses will, won. The Intruder would go against 19 other trotters in the Hambletonian.

Long before the first heat, the stable area of Good Time Park was crowded with the curious and the hot-tip seekers. They clustered around the stalls of the favorites—Egyptian Princess and Saboteur—and took long looks at the many dark horses. All alone in front of The Intruder's stall, sitting on a tack trunk and nervously flicking his whip in the dust, Bower frowned away the last hours. To the lone reporter who came to question him, his pessimism was contagious. "This," he

said, "is a pretty green colt. He was sick all last year; we didn't race him once. He's won twice in six starts this year, but he still isn't sound. We give him diathermy treatments every day for those back muscles of his that still tie up pretty badly. He's coming along, but how he'll behave in that crowd of 20 horses is anybody's guess."

Tugging at the cap he always wears to conceal his premature baldness,



BOWER and friend, who brought him a surprise birthday gift of \$6,000.

Bower left with The Intruder for his first warmup mile.

While Ned Bower fidgeted around the stable, two people sitting in the main grandstand and watching the tote board were coming to a slow boil. David and Alice Johnston had brought their trotter Valiant Rodney up from Charlotte, N.C. and were furious at the lack of confidence being shown in him. The Johnstons, wealthy textile millowners, had never placed a bet on any of the dozens of trotters they have raced over the past seven years, but as he watched Valiant Rodney go from 29 to 25 to 1, Dave Johnston could not contain himself. "I'm going down and put \$50 on him to win," he announced grimly. "Couldn't you just make it \$25?" was as far as Alice went in trying to stop him.

Valiant Rodney won the first heat of the Hambletonian and paid \$66.30. The Intruder finished 11th. A half hour later, the reporter found Dave Johnston wandering around under the stands looking for the window where they paid off. He led him to it and counted the 14 \$100, five \$20 and seven \$1 bills as they slid under the grille. Dave had bet the \$50.

At this point, Ned Bower was hardly as pleased as Dave Johnston, but he seemed, oddly, to be pleased about something as he relaxed in the paddock between heats. Yes, he'd finished well back, but twice in that first heat he'd been forced to bring The Intruder to a complete halt as sickness hunched up in front of him. In between stops, the colt had trotted beautifully. Ned Bower, as an 11th-place loser, was beginning to feel he had a chance.

Minutes later, many others did too, as Bower drove a magnificent second heat. Making the rail early, he clung to it grimly, stayed covered up all the way into the stretch and brought The Intruder thundering down the middle to beat Egyptian Princess at the wire. Valiant Rodney was third.

The third and deciding heat may have been the best-raced of all, but it was also something of an anticlimax for Ned Bower, who now knew he belonged in this company. He followed his second-heat pattern all the way, was seventh at the head of the stretch but a length in front at the finish.

Bower's two-out-of-three victories brought him 10% of the winning purse of \$53,125.35 in this \$100,000-plus Hambletonian. It was a substantial birthday present for this mild, pleasant athlete from Ravenna, Ohio: six hours after he crossed the finish line in the third heat, he turned 25.

But his day's work was worth much more to Ned Bower. A Hambletonian winner, especially one of his age and ability, does not wait for superior horses for many years afterward. And Leonard Buck is undoubtedly the man to buy them for him.

There are also intangibles. After the last winning heat, a huge crowd of reporters, photographers and general well-wishers surrounded Bower out on the track in front of the grandstand. Through it, a pink-cheeked young lady of 12, dressed in her party best for Hambletonian Day, pushed her way to the driver's side and held up her program. "Would you sign this, please, Mr. Bower?" she said.

She was the first to ask Ned Bower for his autograph. There will be many more, on other days. (EHR)

From last week's trials we got our strongest Olympic

team, but compared to the Australians it is still only

SECOND BEST

AT THE swimming trials in Detroit last week to pick our 1956 Olympic team, almost every winner came into the finish breaking some sort of record. Between them, the men and women set six new American records. Five winners made times that would have won their events in the last Games at Helsinki. The 46 members who won places on the 1956 team have been called—and quite correctly—our best ever. The same could have been said, of course, about almost any of our past teams. As most coaches know, to judge by the cold face of a stop watch—even after all the record smashing at Detroit—in the race for most of the Olympic gold medals we are still only second best to the Australians.

In several events at the Detroit trials, we did close some of the distances separating us from the front-running Australians. In the women's 100-meter freestyle, Shelley Mann turned in an unprecedented heat time of 1:04.6 that puts her up in the fight for first, second or third. In swimming his best time ever—4:33.1—to win the 400-meter freestyle, the world's first-ranking distance man, George Breen, put himself within a few seconds of the best Australian, Murray Rose.

In the overall results at Detroit, there were several intangible blessings worth counting. For one thing, by using our traditional system of picking the team on the basis of this single trial, we ran the traditional risk of losing (as happened in track and field) good performers who might be seized by the jitters or simply not at their best on the decisive day. As it turned out, the 40 men and women who made the team were just about the ones any coach would pick. There were several odd and unexpected misses. After placing third to Breen and Bill Woolsey in the 400-meter freestyle at the national championships, Ford Konno, the little Hawaiian king of the 1952 Olympics, could not hold the pace in the last quarter of the 400 meters, but managed to make the team as a candidate for the

800-meter relay. Without a doubt, the greatest loss of all to our team strength was the 15-year-old Walter Reed freestyle sprinter, Wanda Werner. Really a skoo-in for one of the individual or relay positions at 100 meters, Werner overpaced herself in the first 50 meters and, like Konno, died on the run for home, failing to make the finals by a fifth of a second.

A CHANCE FOR A MEDAL

It's a tendency among people who don't keep their nose in the record books to feel that at swimming there is nothing quite like the American girl. It is, possibly, the persistent vision of girls in bathing suits that prompts this delusion. There is indeed nothing in bathing suits anywhere to equal our divers, such as Mrs. Pat McCormick who will probably win both diving medals again in Australia. In swimming, in the last three Olympics, only one American girl, Ana Curtis, swimming the 400-meter freestyle at London, has won an individual gold medal. This year Shelley Mann has a solid chance for one and possibly two first places—she is a threat now to the Australians in the 100-meter freestyle and, with a good performance at Detroit only 5/10 of a second off the world record of 1:11.8 she set a month ago, she is the world's best in the butterfly.

In the trials 14-year-old Sylvia Huszka lowered the American long-course mark for 400 meters to 5:13. In the heat Mary Jane Sears of the Walter Reed Club lowered her American breaststroke mark to 2:58.2; and in the heat Carin Cose lowered her backstroke record to 2:14.4. Since all of these girls are still at least a half body length behind the best Australians, the little Dutch girls and the veteran Hungarian women, it would be best to forget these broken records, cease trumpeting and let the girls keep working to catch the opposition.

We can include among our blessings the fact that most of the experienced swimmers who made the team left De-

troit with the very realistic idea of getting back in the water and doing more work. Coming home first in the 100-meter freestyle in 57 seconds—a 10th under the Olympic record—Bill Woolsey rapped the slack from his hair and felt far from satisfied as his time rang out from the loudspeakers. "When Henricks came up from Australia last year," Woolsey said deliberately, "he beat us. He's a tough one. I never found how he works out. He gets in the water and does it. He's a hard man to get close to both in the water and out. We've got to do better when we get in the water with him next time."

There were only two performances by men at Detroit to warrant loud shouting. The first of these, by butterfly swimmer Bill Yorkyk, who went to Springfield and has been coached principally by Red Sylvia, had such an ingrained realist as Bob Kipphut of Yale whooping like a high schooler. As Yorkyk hit the halfway mark in 1:05.9, Kipphut was on his feet. "Now here," Kipphut boomed at the three-quarter mark, "is darn good swimming. Look at him, look at him," Kipphut shouted over the heads of a bewildered clet of ladies. And for the last half lap, as Yorkyk continued to ride amazingly well on his dolphin kick, Kipphut was standing, waving his arm like a Princeton boy singing Old Nassau and shouting, "Go on, Bill. Go, Bill. Go!"

"Is he your son?" a lady asked. "Go, Bill," Kipphut shouted. "He's going to do it . . . 16 . . . 17 . . . 18." Kipphut's voice was lost in the roar as Yorkyk hit the wall in 2:19 flat, a full four seconds better than anything done by the Japanese. "Well," Kipphut said, "He's out there now where no one can reach him." Then he turned to the lady beside him. "I'm sorry I was shouting so, but this is what this boy has been working at for four years."

The other most promising performer at Detroit, George Breen, who swims his own rather strange splashing style farther and faster than anyone, wound up four years of work by winning the 1,500-meter freestyle in 18:13.7. To judge them coldly by the clock, the best foreigners would be five body lengths behind. "What do I do?" Breen asked his coach, Jim Counsellman, after winning a place on the team. "Someone on the committee told me to lay off until September 15th."

Coach Counsellman set his jaw. "If anybody says anything like that to you again," he said, "tell him to go to—tell him to go sink. We can put away the watch and take the pressure off some, but we've got work to do." (S.M.R.)

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINSEMEYER

Out for swordfish rights, a hargreave found a fox terrier name of Shakespeare and, as the Bard wrote, "From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth/Did I redeem; a weak post hope he was"



THE WIRE-HAIRED SWORDFISH

THE OCEAN south of Norman's Land, a barren little island off Martha's Vineyard, Mass., is rarely lifeless. Marlin travel there, and tuna, and the lordly breadbill swordfish surface with fins above the water, perhaps to rest, perhaps to sleep off a stint of organic dining on lesser fish life. The breadbill is unwary then and men in boats can ease up to him, thrust a lily iron into his back and take his 200-, often over 300-pound carcass to the fish market where it may fetch as much as 40¢ a pound. Swordfish is a recognized delicacy. Thus, recently Harry Bellas Hess of New York City was 20-some miles off Norman's aboard his yacht *Ser* looking for swordfish. Mr. Hess, who has long been a sporting gentleman, would prefer to take breadbill on rod and reel, but he is, after all, aged 83 and as a concession to his years now uses the harpoon. It is a slight concession. As

continue on its searching way, Mr. Hess's captain, Frank Cyganowski, spotted something black off the port bow. At first glance it seemed to be another swordfish fin. Then it began to look like a dog's nose. The captain reversed. Attached to the canine's nose was a canine submerged, a wire-haired fox terrier in fact, with a codine collar around its neck and exhaustion written in its every feeble paddling motion. There was no land in sight, only ocean, and a fox terrier clearly did not belong in it.

Mr. Hess broadcast his rescue on the radiotelephone and miles away Forrest J. Hamie, skipper of the Point Judith dragger *William Chambers*, smiled broadly. He had been bound for the fishing grounds with his terrier Shakespeare sneaking in the wheelhouse. Suddenly Shakespeare disappeared. A frantic crew ransacked the dragger. It proved dogless and only one thing could have happened. An unexpected roll or a missed step had pitched Shakespeare overboard. Captain Hamie carefully, but vainly, circled for an hour and sadly resumed his course. Two hours later he heard Mr. Hess's broadcast. A cruel sea had refloated and Shakespeare was seen sneaking in Captain Hamie's wheelhouse again.



SHAKESPEARE (above) is lucky dog who was saved from the deep by a nose.

any commercial "strike" will admit, even in its deplorable state a swordfish is no easy target, but that afternoon Mr. Hess struck his seventh swordfish of the summer and it was duly brought aboard. But as the *Ser* was about to

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR
SD—season opened; OS—season closed; D—day; W—week; M—month; Y—year; N—night; H—hour; A—afternoon; P—forenoon; L—low; H—high; F—falling; R—rising; W—wind; S—sun; C—cloud; F—fog; P—partly; B—breeze; V—very; M—moderate; S—strong; F—fair; G—good; O—outlook; P—poor; C—cloud; F—fog; P—partly; B—breeze; V—very; M—moderate; S—strong; F—fair; G—good; O—outlook; P—poor.

PACIFIC SALMON: BETHLEN, CALIFORNIA: Swordfish by patterned fishing trawls to 15 pounds at mouth of Gold River on west coast of Vancouver Island and OVG. Further north, reports of large schools of large hook-caught salmon in the Strait of Juan de Fuca Strait.

WASHINGTON: Salmon from 10 to 15 pounds weighing herring strips along west coast of Lacey Island with Lacey Bay exceptionally active. Local herring, however, coded by reports of large schools of large hook-caught salmon off mouth of Juan de Fuca Strait.

presumably waiting for flow of freshwater water from rising coastal rivers, OVG.

CALIFORNIA: Fat chinooks off Trinidad Head where 2000 salmon are being sampled to 40 pounds and OVG. Mouth of Klamath offering limits of 30-pounds as first good run of summer in under way; OVG generally but few fish from Monterey to Redwood Bay.

THOUGH SOMEWHERE: Continued to four pounds (including five at mouth of Oyster River during evening hours, OVG in nearby Campbell Lake and interior lakes such as Paul, Pleasant, Peabody and Lagoon.

CALIFORNIA: Dog days in lowlands but hiking and park-sipping anglers gathering full rivers in high country. FG and OVG in Trinity-Salmon area. Catches above Takoma, wilderness area of Yosemite and French Canyon, and below and above of Sierra all trout active and OVG.

IDAHO: Cool weather throughout state has improved angling generally. In north Idaho, Priest River from Priest Falls downstream a current favorite. Maple River and St. Maries River free for fish through grasshoppers have been during three-to five-pounds for last September. FG in central Idaho, especially in high lakes such as Rex and Lake near McCall with Gray Heron size 12 to 15 most effective fly and OVG. North fork of Payette, middle fork of Payette in vicinity of Rathbun Lake also productive. Silver Creek N and C and FG for large fish. Big Lost River drainage FG in southern state and south fork of Snake OVG in southern section; take your pick and OVG.

MONTANA: All streams N and C with Menzieer Decatur of Birmingham, Idaho, taking an eight-pound brown from the Jordan. Several rainbow trout ranging to three pounds are biting in Thunder Bay River below Powerline Dam where local fly anglers OVG.

SWORDFISH: Many fish along fishing in off-shore waters from northern Long Island to Martha's Vineyard area but most noteworthy catch made last week by Lawrence L. Burton of Westbury, L.I., fishing aboard the *Scamp II* out of Shippenhook Canal. For one hour and 30 minutes Burton struggled with a breadbill on 24-lb rod and finally landed it to find that he had net a new U.S. record at 164 pounds. Although delighted, the young architect still regrets that he did not have a chance to hook a marlin on the spinning tackle which he had brought aboard.

STRIPED BASS, VIRGINIA: Schools of 10-pounds are being moved into Rappahannock River and tributaries; reports that larger fish generally follow in two or three weeks, OVG.

MARYLAND: Striper concentration in Chester River area increasing and so far, taken toward up Chesapeake Bay to across in Susquehanna River. A few fish are there now and commercial bait sellers are also present waiting for influx of large fish. Next 10 days may see FG on Susquehanna, FG.

CALIFORNIA: Surf anglers scoring satisfactorily along San Francisco and San Mateo beaches. North San Pablo Bay, Carlsbad Straits and Napa River offering best trolling as winds have subsided; OVG.

NEW YORK: Montauk, L.I. reports army of large stripers in the vicinity of Montauk Point Light with Ken Lindell of Fireport catching a 42- and 40-pounder last week from Garfield's Beach two miles west of the light; OVG.

They laughed when NASCAR's stock cars took to the road at Elkhart Lake, but Tim Flock gave the show

A DETROIT SURPRISE

THE WAY I figure it," drawled Lee Petty, a grizzled veteran of the stock car racing circuits, before the start of an extraordinary event last weekend, "this race will be won by the driver who can go the fastest the slowest."

Petty was talking about a 250-mile stock car race on the nation's finest road circuit, the punishing four-mile Road America course near Elkhart Lake, Wis. It was extraordinary because it was held on a road course, a thing so rare in recent American stock car racing that some oldtimers were casting back to the Elgin, Ill. races of more than two decades ago for a suitable precedent.

Moreover, the race, which was a \$15,000 leg on the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing's Grand National championship, had been given the blessing of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile and was to undergo the personal scrutiny of Hubert Schroeder, secretary of the Commission Sportive Internationale, the sporting arm of the FIA. And beyond that, the race was to be witnessed by the top brass of the U.S. organizations most often mentioned as possible successors to the race-sanctioning authority that was relinquished by the AAA after last year's Le Mans, namely NASCAR's Bill France; Duane Carter, of the United States Auto Club; and Jim Kimberly, of the Sports Car Club of America.

There was plenty of speculation on how the U.S. stock cars would stand up on a road course. They still had to prove that their brakes were tough enough and their suspension systems sturdy enough to endure the 52½-lap grind. This would be no customary spin around a flat oval track, where all the turns are to the left.

Practice for the 250-mile race scotched a widespread assumption that American cars would not handle well enough on Road America's tight corners and rugged grades to maintain respectable speeds. Lap times as low as

three minutes six seconds were reported—a healthy 77.4 mph average that compared better than expected with some of the fastest tours by high performance sports cars. At starting time on Sunday, delayed 35 minutes by rain, 25 American cars were lined up, followed by a Jaguar Mark VII sedan, winner of NASCAR's 100-mile race for under \$1,500 cc. cars (it was to tool steadily, if hopelessly, through the race) and four Renaults.

Up front were the fastest qualifiers, including three cars from the stable of Carl Kiekhafer, the volatile Wisconsin manufacturer whose greatest pleasure is defeating the factory teams. Despite his many victories Kiekhafer has become disaffected with the racing game, but only the foolhardy would have discounted his chances Sunday. With Elsie (Buck) Baker, current leader in Grand National point stand-

ings, in the pole car (a Dodge D-300 which averaged 76.3 mph in the qualifying three-lap heats), Junior Johnson in the second row in a Ford and Al (Speed) Thompson in the third row in another Dodge D-300, Kiekhafer was in his usual strong position.

At the dip of the starter's flag Baker sprinted into the lead in the white Dodge, closely pursued by wiry Tim Flock, last year's NASCAR champion, in one of four bright red-and-white factory Mercurys and Marvin Panch's hot Ford. Mechanical trouble soon Jerced Junior Johnson's withdrawal, but Baker increased his lead doggedly through the early laps.

Peen back in the pack came Curtis Turner, Virginia lumberman, charging up to second place in a yellow-and-white Ford.

For a time a flurry of pit stops for refueling obscured the issue. Then the race became a dogfight between Baker, Turner and Panch, with Panch taking over on the 18th lap for a long run. Speedy Thompson pushed the second Kiekhafer Dodge along steadily in fourth place until Baker ran out of gasoline on the 30th lap, nearly a mile from the pits. No man to leave a teammate in distress, Thompson eased his machine up behind Baker's and pushed it to the pits, losing valuable time, of course.

When Turner lost his brakes a few

continued on next page



"Let's see, now. Shoemaker is Leo . . . Arcaro is Agassiz . . ."



LIKE FATHER

LIKE SON



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MOTOR SPORTS

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minutes later and skidded into the hay bales on the last corner the Virginian was out of the race and Thompson was back in contention, followed by Frank Musdy's Chrysler 300-B and Flock's sweet-running Mercury.

As Panch, driving very fast and very hard, added to his lead, little Joe Weatherly made a strong move with his Ford and took over the second position. After another siege of hectic pit stops, just after the halfway point, Panch emulated Baker by running out of gas three-quarters of a mile from home. This time it was Ford Driver Glenn (Pitball) Roberts who took over the pushing chore, and although Panch moved briskly back onto the course, he left it just as quickly with a misbehaving differential.

Thompson's Dodge, which had not lost as much time as might have been expected, now assumed command with considerable authority, achieving a solid margin over Weatherly's Ford. Turning some laps at 75 mph, Thompson was driving with as much verve as if the race had just begun.

With 14 laps to go Weatherly turned into the pits, never to resume the chase. Thompson needed only to maintain a steady pace to hold off the threat of Flock, a distant second, and Flock's Mercury teammate Billy Myers, the third man. But this was not to be Kiechhaefer's day. Suddenly Thompson, last of the Kiechhaefer team, pitted for gas. That cost 45 seconds, reducing Thompson's lead over Flock to 25 seconds. And as he pulled back on the track, Thompson's motor sounded rough. His left exhaust pipe belched blue smoke. When he had to retire out on the course, Tim Flock grabbed the lead and kept it.

And so it was that the man who went the fastest the slowest won the race. Julius Timothy Flock of Atlanta, a man who has often proved that he knows how to pace himself and his car and who had driven the Mercury as smoothly and carefully as any man could, flashed over the finish line 25 seconds ahead of Billy Myers' identical Mercury. Flock's brakes, specially ventilated in front by air scoops and in the rear by electric blowers, were still sound. His time of three hours 29 minutes 50 seconds averaged out to 71.485 mph. Fleetball Roberts bought his Ford in third. Paul Goldsmith drove a Chevrolet to fourth.

"This road racing," said Flock, "is all right."

(END)

how to climb SOCIALLY

Lambs do it:



Goat does it:



Cotton does it:



even Kashmir goats do it:



They do it by getting next to the right people. In fact, Jerks Socks makes it all possible. Before they are socks, and socially accepted, we have to start them off on the right foot. We give them exclusive style, color, and design. We insist on dependability... we inherit quality. They are taught to stay up... forever, if necessary. After being proclaimed endorser they are awarded the mystic marking their arrival... Jerks Socks.

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AGE OF SPORT

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leave the all-weather stadiums. But college students and the hopelessly sentimental 'old boys' always wait for the game of football that follows. Football is not written up in the big papers (although **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** faithfully carried the scores in its SCOREBOARD department), and there is no such creature today as a 'college football hero.' However, the football players and their games are covered in detail by college newspapers and the star players are usually fairly well known all over the campus."

CONCLUSION: As stated in the introduction to this thesis, the candidate feels that a more or less close examination of the sports already touched upon should be sufficient to indicate general trends during the Age of Sport. The candidate believes (and he again acknowledges his debt to some of the "wider statesmen" who assisted him) that he has been able to give a unique insight into the age through the quotation of forecasts made in bygone days. Although, as the reader has seen, these forecasts were sometimes intended to be frivolous, time has proved some of them to be quite sound.

If the candidate were to tell the whole story, sport by sport, he would, of course, require a score of volumes to contain it. And probably a longer lifetime than he may expect—even in this Age of Age.

The growth of aquatic sports alone, with beams now as numerous as automobiles were at the dawning of the age, could be recommended as the subject for another student's thesis—to say nothing of skin diving.

And would not bowling, which now claims 50 million devoted adherents, also be entitled to a volume of its own? Who but Victor Kalman of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** could have foreseen the great boom of bowling as a spectator sport with a television rating only a fraction of a point behind baseball?

There are so many stories to be told that the candidate (granted the agree-



ARCHIVES yielded this likeness of Mantle on 1956 **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** cover before his specialty, the home run, was outlawed.

ment of the jurors who will pass judgment on this thesis) hopes to spend the rest of his life in the finding and the telling of them. There will be the story of the 3-40 mile, the 8-second-flat 100-yard dash, the 8-foot high jump and the 76-foot shotput.

And now, begging the indulgence of the jurors, the candidate presumes to close this thesis with another apt quotation from the baseball immortal for whom he was named, Mr. Branch Rickey. Speaking to the crowd at Kleinsasser's Stadium in Levittown on his 60th birthday, Mr. Rickey explained that he would like to paraphrase another great man of his times, Sir Winston Churchill, who expressed a similar sentiment on the occasion of an alliance between Britain and the United States. Mr. Rickey then went on to say:

"I have seen the Age of Sport coming. I have fought for it and labored for it and prayed for it. And now that it is here, I say to you good people of Levittown, 'Oh, let it roll on and on and on!'"

Levittown, N.Y.

January 20, 2006.

END

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"Well, they done everything to that kid but like him again. They run him through a million physical tests—the psycho-neurophysi- cal

THE SWEETHEART FROM

OF COURSE they have slums here on the Moon! Why shouldn't they? Where there's people there's gonna be slums, regardless if the whole city got a plastic dome over it with air conditioning and all that. And where you have slums you have gangs what? Right! You have kids wanna be fighters coming up to a gym.

For that matter, you probably have guys like Manny Klein, too, ready to steal another manager's fighter. If it wasn't for Manny Klein I wouldn't be here now, watching my health like an old lady. I would be back in New York still, managing Benny Meszka, the Heavyweight Champion of the Universe.

I had Benny from the first Inter-Galaxy Gloves eliminations. He would be my first champion. Seen as that

lousy Manny Klein seen what I had, he wants in, and when I said no, they force me out of the Sport World Palace, they force me out of the New Spartacus Gardens, and I couldn't even get Benny a four-rounder at a hick joint like the Pollux Arena, let alone fight on top anywhere. By the time Benny got a shot at the title, everybody had a piece, he was cut up like a pizza, and I was out of the picture. And it was Manny Klein done it all, from the first time he looked at Benny with them little beady eyes until the day his boys showed me out of the office and told me to take a trip for my health.

The doctor agreed with Manny's boys too. He told me either I'm gonna get away from the whole thing or I'll aggravate myself to death with my blood pressure like it is.



tests and then the line-mountain tests. In the Green Room they simulate Earth. Finally they turn him loose. He goes home with comic books.

LUNA

On the moon in the year 2056 the kid looked like a great fight prospect but the machines said he'd never win on Earth. Then—

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED by RUSSELL MORAN

As he says, I got two nice apartment houses in a good residential neighborhood. What do I need to mess with fighters to make money? So here I am on the Moon.

Well, at least it's comfortable for me up here. The whole city is air-conditioned and they have this artificial two-thirds gravity to make things easier. It's nice! I mean, you weigh 240 on Earth, like me, here when you step on a scale you're a trim, slim 163. You don't look any different, but you feel wonderful. I never seen so many happy fat guys in my life, stuffing their guts and their wives yelling, "Watch the diet!"

It's nice for the fighters, too. It ain't such hard work keeping in shape. You see heavyweights move around like them old movies of Willie Pep, I mean it's fantastic! But

it's crazy because you'd be out of your mind to try to bring a Moon boxer back to Earth. I mean one that's born on the Moon. You don't know what you got.

Say a kid moves nice, got a good punch, colorful style, weighs maybe 155. Means on Earth he'll be what? A fat heavyweight—233½ pounds! And what's more, you could bet on it, he couldn't even stand up good for a week after he gets there. He'll be sick in the stomach and weak and sweating like a horse and maybe never be good for anything at all in the ring. I seen it happen with what's-his-name, Mosley Williams. Oh what a buildup they give him and it was all straight, his Luna record, I mean. Nobody was doing business and the knockouts were strictly bona fide.

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LUNA SWEETHEART

continued from page 25

He come to New York and what? Two fights and he's tending bar.

But up here, there's no future in the whole thing altogether. There ain't enough people all told to fill the New Spartacus, and don't think all of them are fight fans, either. Half of them are these intellectual technicians would rather listen to chamber music.

Well, you know all this and you're not stupid and yet when you see a kid with talent, it's like falling in love. You tell yourself come on, be smart, what do you need more worries? Aside from ruining your peace of mind, you stand to lose a lot of money if the kid turns out to be a bum. But when they look good, you want to do something with them. You see in your mind the Sport World Arena sold out and the stereo rights alone maybe a million bucks.

All right, I had the itch to go back to New York with this kid I seen, jumping Jupiter what a fighter? I mean a real picture fighter, a catie with an

equalizer could knock you out any time in the fight, a sweetheart!

I tell myself just like in the songs: "Watch your foolish heart," don't be an idiot. But here he is number nine middleweight contender in the Luna ring ratings and ready to move up. I figure if he can stand the change he'll be a pretty hot prospect back on Earth and if I could get back in with the right people maybe he'll someday get a shot at Benny Messina, who knows?

His Name is Willie Buffo

This kid, his name is Willie Buffo, and he's 20 years old. His old man worked on the first dome over old Luna. You probably read about it in the papers, when it blew, he went up about 40 miles into space. He ain't come down yet. His mother runs a roasting house on the south side and Willie helps out collecting rents. He got some hick manager of record here. This guy's a big idealist would be only too glad to sell Willie's contract to somebody who could bring him along right and maybe take him all the way to the title. So

it's a big temptation to me, but I had all kinds of terrible conflicts about it, should I, shouldn't I. Finally I had an inspiration.

I got a nephew on wife Rita's side. His name is Irving Weissman. A nice, clean-cut kid and he's working on a fellowship in personnel experimental techniques at the Oppenheimer Institute over in New Luna City. Very bright kid. I tell him the whole thing and ask him how could I establish scientifically if this kid has a chance to be a winner back on Earth. Well, his eyes lit up and he says, "Uncle Max, this is a break for you because I can put \$12 billion worth of equipment and some pretty smart people to work figuring out can Willie Buffo be a champ. Bring him around tomorrow at 5."

All right, so I got Willie some new comic books for the ride and we shuttle over to New Luna City and they done everything to that kid but take him apart. They ran him through a million physical tests and then the psycho-neurophysiological tests after that and the kine-sidotic tests after that. Then they



Twenty-first century armchair fight fan watches twentieth century-type boxing match on a three dimensional "stereotelevision" set

run him through everything all over again in what they call the G-room, which is a room where they could simulate Earth gravity and air pressure. Finally they turn him loose. He goes home with his comic books.

Then they first get started with doping all this. Irving gets the ring record books from Earth 300 years back. He has all these people at the institute strutting around you know what doing? They collect all information of every champion in every weight division since Fitzsimmons. Every physical measurement and how many they win or lose and all other personal information, whatever they got.

They were still working on it when I went back a week later. Irving had about 20 people reading all this stuff into tape recorders and reels of tape in boxes with labels began to pile up.

Then Irving takes me into a little office. A little skinny guy with big thick glasses is sitting at a machine, something like a typewriter, only it's as big as a piano. He's playing it like a piano, too. He looks very dreamy and his hands are tickling the keys and there's a cigaret dangling from his lip. If there had been a glass of beer on top of the machine I would have asked him to play *Der Spire Blues*.

Willie's Conversion

"Uncle Max," says Irving, "meet Sam Segal. Sam is doing a conversion on Willie." "Look," I said, "why mess with the kid's religion. Anyhow, he'd never change. He even crosses himself before every round!"

"Not that kind of conversion," explains Irving. "What Sam is doing is converting Willie's data into index tapes for the Omnivac Computer." He picks up part of the tape running out of Sam's machine and into a slot in the wall and shows me how it's full of holes. "Sam is the boy Omnivac depends on," he tells me. "Without him it's nothing."

From the looks of this Sam I wonder if maybe they're leaning on a need, but Irving says he's a real genius.

So Sam finishes up with Willie, and then he punches up tapes on all the champions, and pretty soon what they call the memory banks of Omnivac are all loaded up.

This Omnivac thing is two stories high and takes up a city block. It has elevators in it and here and there are little glassed-in rooms with guys sitting at tremendous control panels full of knobs and gauges. They look as if half of them never seen the light of day. It's absolutely fantastic.

Finally the machine is all loaded and ready to answer the question. Has Willie Buffo got what it takes to be Heavyweight Champion of the Universe. Irving waves to a guy in a glass booth and Omnivac goes to work. It made a noise like a factory for about five minutes and then it stops. I figured it must be broke but Irving says no and we hop in an elevator and go up to a little room where a tape starts coming out of a slot in the wall and running through a machine on a desk. It has writin' on it.

I say to Sam, "Well, Mr. J. P. Morgan, how does the market look today?" Sam shakes his head. He says, "Willie has 478442.75 against an optimum 1253723.50!"

"What kind of odds is that?" I say. "Mac," he tells me, "this Willie Buffo is going to have a hell of a reaction to Earth gravity and atmosphere. The tests show that. But the big thing with him is that he's not going to snap out of it. By Earth standards, his motor responses are retarded and his whole musculature is wrong. He could be a cab driver maybe but no boxer!"

When a two-story building tells me a fighter is a bum, that's good enough for me. Irving says, "Uncle Max, be smart. Forget about managing fighters. You don't need it. Aunt Rita doesn't need it. You're up here for your health. Get a cabana over at the Diana Beach Club and relax and live a little."

I felt pretty lousy about Willie but I got cheered up soon after. I'm laying on the beach with a portable telegraph and I'm just pulling the sheets out of the machine when I see the headline KLEIN DOWNS OCT. The story goes on to say how Manny Klein for reasons of bad health is giving up managing Benny Messina and going away for a complete rest. He says, "I owe it to the wife." He owes it to the wife. She shouldn't become a widow from the syndicate knocking him off, is what the story means, and I begin to feel maybe there's some justice after all.

Sure enough, couple of weeks later I'm hanging around the Old Luna Gym, who do I see with a cheap cigar stuck in his ugly face but Manny Klein. I suppose I should forgive him by now, seeing he lost the champion he stole from me, but I still hate him like poison and I wish I could fix him but good.

We're both watching Willie work in the ring with a colored kid who is pretty fast. You should see how nice Willie looks off a jab! Twice he feinted the kid into a right lead and then knocked his head off with beautiful classical left hooks. And then a short apparent travels maybe six inches and the col-

ored kid is lifted right off his feet and sits down.

Manny squints at Willie and chews his cigar. He looks at me very profound. The last time he looked at me that way I lost a heavyweight champion. "Kid could go places," he says, nodding at Willie. Just then I get an idea how I could help Manny make a fool out of himself and maybe lose a little of that money he made from Messina.

"I Need Sweetheart"

"Manny, you lousy thief," I tell him, "you're looking at a kid I could make a fortune with, only some jerk here got him tied up hand and foot and won't sell his contract. I could of had my first champion with this boy. A real sweetheart!" I wasn't sure he'd be stupid enough to swallow this but Manny sees a chance to steal a fighter. It's like a red flag to a bull.

Manny got little beady eyes with pale eyelashes. He put eyes like a pig, matter of fact. He guff on this horrible-smelling cigar some more and squints at Willie again. "I like to make this betta with Jensen," he says. Now Jensen is no longer a heavyweight contender, but a win over him will help a boy into the top 10 pretty fast. He's slow but he could still knock out a horse with a right hand. And if he don't kill you with his fist he'll blind you with his elbow. Manny should at least have some misgivings about this. They have an Earth-Moon weight conversion table in the gym, right on the scale, and he knows about Moonkey Williams and the others. But he's dumb this way. He don't think, he looks, and Willie looks good. Of course he looks good! He could move like Pavlova up Ave. On Earth he'd be nothing. Omnivac says so, but Manny doesn't know that. Everything with him is by instinct.

"Listen you crumb," I tell him, "use thing I'm glad for. Maybe I can't have this kid, but you can't either. You don't have no syndicate behind you up here and his manager won't sell out." I know the manager would give up the contract for nothing just so Willie should have a chance at the big time. This way he'll get some money for it which he'll probably give to Willie's old lady.

Well, he offered the fella \$10,000 and he took it like a shot and Manny takes Willie back to Earth like he got a bargain. Willie's mother got the money as I figured and right away got married.

I figured it ain't much, but at least I'll have the pleasure of making Manny

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look foolish and lose about \$15,000 all told, which will kill him, and the worst that could happen to Willie is he'll get a job instead of sponging on his mother.

So I relax over at the Diana Club and wait to hear about Manny Klein's big fiasco. After a while I begin to see a little mention here and there in the telegraph, KLEIN BACK WITH NEW MOONBOY and so forth. Then pretty soon a whole column confirms what I already know, Manny got him back there and for a month he lays around like a sick elephant. Nothing. He can't do nothing. He can't work with the speed bag, he can't work with the heavy bag, he can't skip rope, he can't run, he could hardly walk. The column is titled, "The Bitter Green Cheese of Manny Klein." A few more pieces come out, KLEIN GOING WITH BUFFO, and MOONMADNESS and everybody is laughing their head off at Manny. I bet he could hardly hold up his head when he walks down Eighth Avenue. And he knows who done it to him. Very good. After a while I don't see so more mention of Willie. Three months go by and Patsy Di Palma shows up at the Diana Club on a vacation with the missus. Patsy trains most of Manny's boys so he could tell me about Willie.

"Fair Natchin'."

"Has Buffo got his speed back yet?" I asked him. He don't look at me funny or anything, so I figure Manny kept quiet about who tormented him on to this nothing.

"Well," says Patsy, "Willie finally drags himself back to the gym after two months. He walks like in a crouch with his knees bent. He don't wanna look at speed bags or heavy bags or jump ropes, he says 'Lemme for god-sakes at least stand inna ring!' He was kind of pathetic."

"Could he box?" I could hardly keep a straight face.

"I'm getting to that," says Patsy. "We figure all right what's the difference anyhow, so we put him in the ring to work with Joe Sebastian. Willie looks a little bit happy again when he gets his hands taped and puts on his headguard and we lace on the gloves. We hadda help him up the steps. All the fellas in the other ring stop to watch. The whole gym is quiet. Willie got beads of sweat on his face."

"Don't gimme the whole screen play," I says. "Tell me, could he box?"

"Listen and you'll hear," says Patsy. "The bell rings and he shuffles to-

ward Sebastian with his knees bent, almost squatting. Sebastian moves in easy, jab, jab, a right, a hook, works inside with both hands, and away again. Willie just barely has his hands up. Sebastian's punches don't move him at all, just knock off drops of sweat, and his face gets red.

"For three rounds it goes like this. Fourth round Willie cools his right, and the muzzles in his back and shoulders stand out like he's lifting a safe. Sebastian is inside again and Willie shuffles back a little. Sebastian starts



Visiting fight manager on moon wears silly grin under his transparent spare helmet.

a hook and Willie starts a right like he's pushing a truck."

I'm starting to worry a little and I ask Patsy, "He could punch? Did he hit him?" Patsy has to give me descriptive material. "What a weird thing, with his knees bent and that slow right hand, it looks like it takes a minute to reach Sebastian's chin and Joe's feet rise up in the air and he goes flat on his back. He was out for a minute and a

half and Willie is so exhausted he throws up in the spittoon.

"How he does it I don't know with such a fresh kind of a punch but he knocked Sebastian out with 12-ounce gloves. He knocked out three guys in three workouts and always with the headguard and the big gloves and one time I seen him faint afterwards. Always the same—ops right to the jaw when he got the opening. A real freak but what's the difference how he does it? The big thing is he does it, and looking all the time so weak and tired. But nobody could knock him down, nobody could wear him even. How that Manny could pick 'em, huh? Who else would find a weird like that? He got the instinct for picking a winner, that Manny Klein!"

It made me sick. I thought I would vomit right there on the beach.

After that they put him on top right away at the Polux Arena with Jensen and he stopped him in two rounds. From then on he fought at the Sport World Palace and knocked out Wilson, Mazzola, Fantine and Maderos. After them he took out Riley, Berg, Lesaky and Leighton. From Jensen on, he fought nothing but contenders and in nine fights he cleaned up. Manny must of got back in the family good to get hours like that right off.

So last night on the street-telerision I seen Willie Buffo move his hands for four rounds, and then with one punch he knocked out Benny Messina to become Heavyweight Champion of the Universe and they carried Willie out after the fight because he fainted. Manny Klein cleared a million dollars out of it.

Irving was very disappointed with Omnivac. He was tearing his hair out how could it make such a mistake. I got news for Irving. His machine is not a bum. Only this afternoon I had a letter from Manny. He says, while I'm here on Luna why don't I look up his nephew Sam Segal, who works on Omnivac. He says maybe Sam could give me the straight dope on any hot prospects I might find there.

Clipped to his letter is a piece of tape, the same tape that Sam looked at when he read off the numbers to me, only he didn't read so good. The last two lines are:

Optimum 1252721.90

Buffo 1252721.90

Well, I still have my health, thank The Maker, and maybe I'll buy a little property here and settle down. Besides, there's new kids coming up to the Old Luna Gym all the time. Who knows what could happen? (K&B)

VIVA EL TORO

Two years of "the best in sports reporting" by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has finally induced me to write—you're great!

The story on *Travesty in Tijuana* (SI, Aug. 4), really prompted my note. I felt a momentary sadness for the theoretically fearless matadors. Then, I recoiled through my own experience and your account the tortures inflicted on the bull. Great reporting, I agree.—Vince & Tyne
RANDOL MILLER

Fresno, Calif.

EPITOME OF ASININITY

Travesty in Tijuana was obviously written by a man, even if you had not put his name to the ridiculous article.

To consider bullfighting open only to the male of the species is both a puerile and a prejudiced idea, and the statement "women somewhere seem not made to mold themselves in plastic grace with a bull" is the epitome of asininity.

A few hundred years ago they thought a man was not graceful enough to be a bullfight dancer, and yet today this man writes both some in grace and perfection.

Perhaps, the *memo a memo* did become a travesty (deploring, of course, the prejudiced innuendo of Mr. Lozano), but I salute Pat McCormick and Bette Ford for both their courage and their foresight, and I feel confident that they or their act will one day redeem themselves in this sport.

MITZI BROWN
Hattiesburg, Miss.

ONE NOVICE TO ANOTHER

I must agree with Señor Lozano, it was a *Travesty in Tijuana*.

I was one of the thousands that drove down to Tijuana to see my first bullfight on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, it came close to being my first and my last.

Miss McCormick and Miss Ford are putting up a good bet in this Olympic year, the way they ran down the bulls I'd say their chances in making the team is the dashes are very good.

If a "novice" spectator is permitted to pass along some advice I'd like to say to Miss Ford: "Bette, please go back to modeling while your features are only marred by a dislocated shoulder" (is Miss McCormick: "Pat, isn't one getting enough?")

Los Angeles
LEON BERKOFF

MOST UNFAIR

"TRAVESTY IN TIJUANA" IS THE MOST UNFAIR AND BIASED REPORTING I HAVE EVER READ. I AM SURPRISED THAT A MAGAZINE OF YOUR COUNTRY WOULD PUBLISH SUCH A VINDICTIVE ARTICLE OF CHARACTER ASSASSINATION.

Hosienberg, Texas
COKITA CANTERBURY

THE BRAVE AGENT

If Delgado Lozano is a parrot then he is the most foul-mouthed and lying parrot I've ever had the misfortune to meet. I was there and met these two obnoxious men (Correspondents Delgado and Oulahan); they had all other news people wanting to take poles at them.

Goodnight lies (to name a few) in the article:

1) Pat McCormick is a Catholic. If he had bothered to ask or refer to her autobiography he would see that she belongs to the Episcopal Church.

2) Bette gave no party, did not even plan to give a party after the bullfight. They came to her room while I was attempting to get her out of her fighting clothes . . . she was hysterical, her manager had just suffered a severe heart attack (he is still in a hospital in Tijuana) and the room was full of people. They made such

utterance of themselves that Roy Nicholson of the *Arizona Star* requested they leave.

3) Both girls fight bulls with shaved horns, which they would know if they had checked—Bette fought much larger bulls in the Plaza Mexico which they could ascertain by simple checking with Dr. Gason. The girls did not meet to sign the contract. They had never met in person prior to Tijuana—excepting briefly in C6, Juarez before Pat's September 1964 going.

There is no need to be so vindictive or to lie in order to prove that they don't approve of women in the ring. I am surprised at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for allowing such slovenly, slanted writing. . . .

BEVERLY BOND,
Representing Bette Ford,
first lady of bullfighting
Houston

● *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Delgado and Oulahan admit to one error: the girls did not evidently confront each other for the signing, though their reactions were as reported. Otherwise they reply:

"1) Pat told us in answer to direct question that she is Roman Catholic.

"2) Affair in Bette Ford's hotel suite after fight might not be technically termed party, but it was festive occasion, with perhaps dozen friends chatting, laughing and drinking. As to Bette's appearance and manner, Agent Bond must have us confused with two other guys. When we entered suite Bette was seated on couch smiling and gaily greeting friends. She was not undressing, and if she was hysterical her performance was most remarkable cover-up we have ever witnessed. She was calm, gay, almost flippant. She was dressed in comely frock, her

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

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WIN HOLE

continued from page 83

arm in this pink sling. She claimed that shoulder was broken ("My first broken bone," she informed us in completely playful manner). We thought at first stylish sling was peculiar way to treat broken shoulder.

"We questioned Betty briefly, then left of our own volition. Neither Roy Nickerson nor anyone else asked us to leave. At time, Manager Sibbas was not suffering heart attack. He was under doctor's care in own room down hall, suffering high blood pressure. Heart attack occurred much later that night.

"(2) Sure, Betty Ford fights bulls with shaved horns, fact we did not deny, but untrue in case of Patricia. Substantive Bull No. 82, which belonged to another breeder and which almost gored Patricia, was definitely not shaved or otherwise doctored—fact which assuredly reflects credit on Patricia McCormick. Our records show Betty Ford did not fight larger bulls in Plaza Mexico. She and Juanita Aparicio carefully selected bulls weighing 225 to 250 kilos (100 kilos less than standard novillero bulls, 160 kilos less than Taurus bulls)."—ED.

BEAUTIFUL TYPE

Sirs:

On page 54 (SE, July 30), in a story by Alice Higgins, you set the words "Morgan Breed" in a beautiful but unusual type.

We would like to use this type. . . .

ARON MATTHEW
Publisher

The Farm Quarterly
Chicheston

• The name of the type is 48 point Horizon Light, and can be secured from Bauer Alphabets, Inc., 256 East 45th St., New York.—ED.

SOME MAN FROM VERMONT

Sirs:

Your article *Morgan Breed* was great. When I was a boy in Exeter, N.H., my father had four or five Morgan horses. Morgans were very common. Doctors used them for mending colts, they pulled the blades (cabs) and grooves' delivery wagons.

Have you seen the account of a man in Vermont who bought up a number of Morgans when they were nearly extinct and developed some 150 of them. Then they were bought by the U.S. Government. I have tried to find the information, but have been unsuccessful. I remember reading it a year or so ago in some national magazine.

CAL G. TYLER

Dixon, Ill.

• The man from Vermont was one Colonel Joseph Battell, who spent the better part of his life and fortune collecting Morgans in order to perpetuate them as a separate breed. The true Morgan blood was diffused by being absorbed in other light breeds until Colonel Battell started his farm of some 400 acres in Middlebury, Vt. He established Morgans as a properly registered breed. Then in 1907 he donated his farm and stock to the U.S. Government, which continued to maintain a stud of from 60 to 100 head of purebreds until 1953 when possession of the farm was transferred to the University of Vermont. The article which Mr. Tyler has in mind is probably the one by Harland Manchester on Justin Morgan which appeared in the January 1955 issue of *American Horse*.—ED.



"My father pulled No. 3 out, Cornell '32."

FEARLESS BETTOR

Sir:

In my opinion, the Braves have the best pitching staff of any team in the majors. Don't be assured when you watch the Braves beat the Yankees in the World Series. They're running away from the rest of the N.L. now. If anyone beats the Braves for the pennant, I'll buy a five-year subscription to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

PETE ROBINSON

Houston

● You mean if the Braves win we lose? —ED.

UTTER SIMPLICITY

Sir:

Gl Stratton's article (SL, Aug. 6) concerning the modern outlook of a baseball umpire is remarkably good.

About the only improvement one could offer is Bill Klem's stock reminder to any and all complaints—I've never made a wrong call. The utter simplicity of Mr. Klem's logic is often overlooked by persons who assume hastily that it is merely an arrogant statement of a rather pugnacious man. Only a real baseball aficionado can appreciate the rightness of his statement; I think Mr. Stratton's piece amply demonstrates it. . . .

C. EVERETT CHILTON

Omaha

● And then there was the time when John McGraw, having just been thrown out of the game by Klem, yelled: "I'll have your job for this!" Klem answered: "If it's possible for you to take my job, then I don't want it." —ED.

DETROIT PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Sir:

Paul Richards' engrossing narration to Ray Terrill on the fortunes of the Baltimore Orioles and his principles regarding trading and the handling of personnel (SL, Aug. 6) is an logical explanation of winning baseball as I have encountered, I only wish that you would forward a carefully delineated copy of the aforementioned to the offices of the Detroit Baseball Company. Better yet, send the Wizard of Wausaback himself.

Undre Stratton's unique story is just another in a long line of controversial articles that your magazine has published. This outrageous gesture should endear you to many professional athletes. It should also help the average fan who longs to know more of the inside of the game of baseball, and, if digested intelligently, make a better fan of him.

More articles of this nature and published views of officials and players of the game would tend to put your magazine on an even higher plane of professional sports reporting. Your reporters' various styles are fine, but your material is usually something less than awe. Like a review. But material like this, plus stories such as the Stratton and Ray stories lead into the entire pattern, produces a magazine embracing the entire field of athletic, competitive and otherwise. I am sure this is the ultimate you are striving to attain, and I assure you that you are succeeding.

R. JOSEPH HESBART

Baginaw, Mich.



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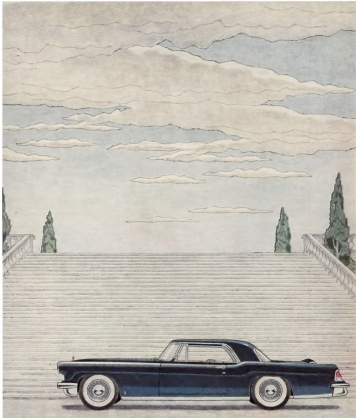
PAT ON THE BACK



TONI WOOLWORTH

Piquant, puzzled or pleased (top to bottom, left), tall 24-year-old Toni Woolworth, of New Canaan, Conn., is one of the most attractive and charming of the topflight young lady golfers. Her powerful driving and fine iron play have already won her a major title, the Women's Eastern, after only six years at the game. But her chipping and putting still lack championship class. Husband Norman Woolworth, member of the Woolworth five-and-dime clan, is co-owner of the Clearview Stable, famous for its trotters.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY THROLO



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